



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 36 – Number 7

November 2018

**Some Feature Articles
in This Issue**

- That Sinking Feeling - A Canoeing Reminiscence
- The Second World War's Castaways
- The Cursed Eagle Has Risen
- Boat Club Born in a Tenement - Trifoam 16 Build
- Rebuilding a Star - The Joys of Cold Molding a Boat



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

Here we are, belatedly, late arriving and smaller in size. So what's going on? Well, one of life's unanticipated obstacles arose during September and set me back about two weeks on getting this issue off to the printer. On September 17th, partway through assembling this issue, I arose at midnight with an unfamiliar chest pain, which suggested a heart attack strongly enough to persuade me to call 911. Our small town volunteer fire department EMTs arrived posthaste, along with the local ambulance service under contract to the town. Their initial examination suggested it was indeed a heart attack and I was whisked away to the local hospital where I was wheeled non-stop right through the Emergency Room into an operating theater where a team was at the ready, led by, as it happened, Jane's cardiologist. They went right to work and soon had successfully inserted a stent into a clogged main coronary artery.

What followed were three days of heart observation and treating of an unanticipated unrelated infection which ultimately brought me back to the hospital, after a brief sojourn at home, for four more days to eradicate this nuisance while again monitoring my heart condition.

Back home feeling like myself again, I had to decide what to do about finishing off this issue. It was maybe halfway done with only a few days in hand to complete it by press time on or around October 1. It couldn't be done, my years of 16 hour work days are lost and gone forever, nowadays after about 8-10 hours, brain sag sets in pretty strongly and I am useless at further production. So I decided I would cut back 8 pages to get

closer to what I had already in hand or completed and go to press a week or more late. You are now looking at the result, 52 pages probably not arriving in your mailbox until a week or more into November.

Quite a surprise for me, after 88 years free from such major health happenings, to have the hammer finally fall. The upside of it all is that no apparent damage was done to my otherwise healthy heart due to the short time span from calling 911 to the stent insertion of under two hours. No adverse impact on getting out the magazine now seems to exist and the December issue should be back at 60 pages and off to the printer in time for delivery to you on or around December 1st.

All of us old guys (and gals) who choose to keep on keeping on with whatever activity it is that we deem rewarding and important do so knowing that something might happen to suddenly put an end to it. I have been asked about this because I appear to be such an old guy and I can only say that I'm not going to worry about it. I'm carrying on because I've enjoyed a lot of good living in my 80s and see potential for more in my 90s.

Winter is at hand with its indoor season for many of us beckoning with enjoying shop time on latest projects. I look forward to getting back at the restoration of that Old Town Lake Rowboat I started last winter. I also look forward to hearing from those of you with tales to tell of your on the water adventures last summer or of upcoming shop projects, now that more time is in hand to set down the stories. Sharing our experiences on these pages helps to pass those long winter days.

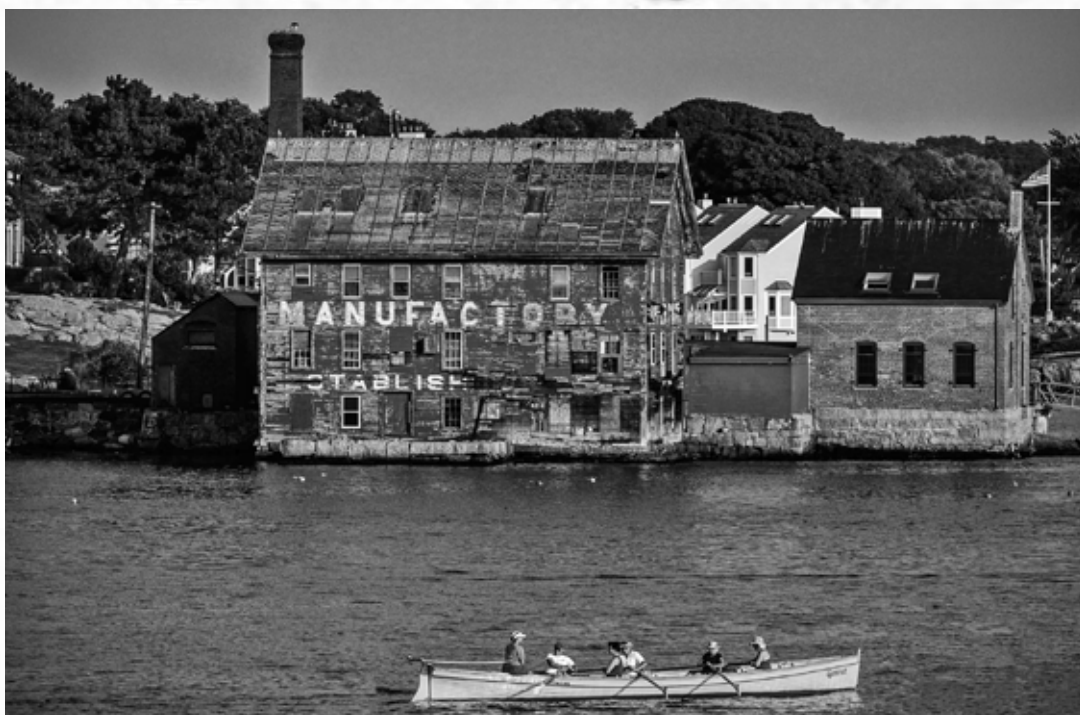
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On the Cover...

The hydraulic lift lock on the Trent Severn Canal in Peterborough, Ontario is a must photo op for anyone passing through in a small boat. The assembled multitude of traditional wooden canoeists in the Wooden Canoe Heritage Association celebrated their 2018 Assembly in Peterborough this year and indulged in a mass ride up and then down again. The cover photo is not from 2018, however, but does show best the scale of this little adventure. What would bygone voyageurs or native Canadians think about all this could they have dropped in to view it all?

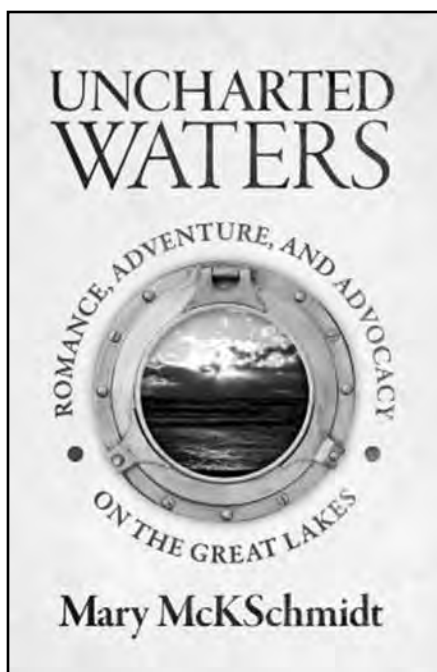


Harking Back With Harvey

"Small craft images from today as viewed through a long ago lens."

*Images by Harvey Petersiel
Gloucester Harbor Manufactories*





Uncharted Waters

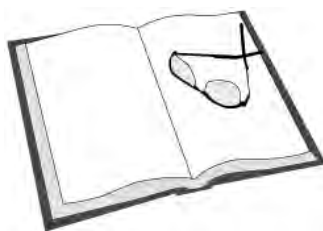
By Mary McKSchmidt
Available at Amazon.com

Reviewed by Susan Peterson Gateley

Most Great Lakes literature, sadly, is either focused on shipwrecks or the deteriorating health of the region's environment. Among this bleak literary landscape one finds books on invasive species, accounts of damage from a vast array of toxic pollutants and various warnings of impending "water wars" in an increasingly hot, thirsty and crowded world. Titles include *Late Great Lakes*, *Water Wars*, *Lake Invaders*, and *Death and Life of the Great Lakes*, *Graveyard of the Lakes* and others.

I myself have contributed to this body of literature with *Saving The Beautiful Lake A Quest For Hope*, a work that, like several others, used a boat as an observation platform for the discovery and exploration of various ecological ills of what I consider to be the "overlooked" Great Lake. Much recent Great Lakes literature focuses on Lake Michigan or Lake Erie, not surprisingly since they are the ones with the largest US populations along their shores. "My" Great Lake (Ontario) is home to far more Canadians than Americans thanks to an area of early industrialization and transport hub related to the Niagara River at the lake's west end.

Sailing launched this author's writing and advocacy effort. She is far from alone. On the Great Lakes, as well as on other waters, boats have launched or enhanced a number of careers in activism and advocacy. Jennifer Pate has completed a half dozen all female "exxpeditons" to sample collect and describe plastic pollution during various off-shore and Great Lakes voyages (the double xx in her expedition series of films and articles reflects the female chromosome configuration). Pate's goal is to make the unseen seen, i.e., how toxic chemicals associated with tiny plastic particles in our drinking water and in the food chain are impacting human endocrine systems. It's probably no coincidence that several notable research projects, books and videos on the human endocrine system



Book Reviews

and chemicals have been by women. We have lots of experience with those pesky hormones throughout our lives.

Uncharted Waters by Mary McKSchmidt is a new addition to the Great Lakes literature inspired in large part by the author's boating experiences aboard fast sailing catamarans and larger cruising boats. The book consists of short articles, blogs and musings on many years of sailing Lake Michigan's waters and is a mix of memoir and recent ecological history.

The author began her sailing career as crew aboard racing Hobie Cats with her husband to be. After nine years she and her spouse "graduated" to a ballasted cruising boat with headroom, a galley, a shore power plug and other creature comforts. In a series of short, loosely connected articles she recounts her transformation from small boat sailor, cruiser and successful business woman to citizen activist for clean water. Through articles, blogging, photography and public speaking, she now seeks to build the political will needed to clean up and protect the lakes.

Though the book is entertaining and easy to read, I found the short article format adapted from online blogs somewhat unsatisfying. I would have liked a little more depth and perhaps some additional information on possible solutions to the many environmental impairments now existing on the Great Lakes. Also, a very minor criticism (that is perhaps unique to this reviewer) is that I would like to see a photo or two of the crew, boats and the waters they sailed. Still, overall the collection is a very digestible and entertaining read that can be picked up and put down without losing the "thread" of the story.

After I give a book talk or show on my Lake Ontario documentary I almost always get a variation on the question, "What can I do to help the lake as an individual?" I promptly reel off a list of actions (eat less meat, write your Congressman, etc, etc). I think *Uncharted Waters* would have benefited from a few more entries devoted to solutions to some of the problems described. However, some of the problems may not have easy solutions explainable in a few paragraphs!

It's not easy these days to write an entertaining, not too grim, book on the Great Lakes given the many problems that besiege this amazing ecosystem today. But Mary McKSchmidt does well with it in an entertaining account of a sailor's growth and challenges on an inland sea.

About the Author

Mary McKSchmidt is an adventurer, a woman who has wandered across southern Africa, achieved success in positions typically held by men, hikes, bikes and camps alone and joins her fun loving, equally adventuresome husband on sailing voyages across the sometimes treacherous, always unpredictable

able, waters of Lake Michigan. When she discovered that Lake Michigan and all the Great Lakes are at risk, potentially damaged beyond repair, she replaced her briefcase, calculator and business suit with a notepad, camera and foul weather gear and embarked on a new adventure, this time to help create the political will necessary to clean up and protect the lakes. Written in a voice that is charming, witty and honest, McKSchmidt's *Uncharted Waters: Romance, Adventure and Advocacy on the Great Lakes* (14 Karat Books, 2018) is the story of a Fortune 500 executive learning to sail, learning to love and learning to fight for the water and life she holds dear. Captivating, heart warming and insightful, *Uncharted Waters* is not just a love story, but a call to action. It serves as a reminder that while we can live without a lot of things, clean, safe drinking water is not one of them.

Hunting the Wind Pan American World Airways Epic Flying Boat Era, 1929-1946

An Anthology Compiled and Edited
by Teresa Weber and Jamie Dodson
Schiffer Publishing Ltd, Atglen, PA
www.schifferbooks.com
ISBN: 978-0-7643-5541-7
6"x9" Hardcover, 175 Pages
Reviewed by Bob Hicks

What the Publisher Says

"Take your seats and by all means fasten your seat belts! Come on a journey back in time to aviation's most daring and innovative era. Travel back nine decades when, for the first time, airplanes determined the victors of global wars, a time that altered the course of the world. Hear the never before told true stories penned by still living flight crew members and passengers. Learn about the remarkable men, women and aircraft builders who launched an aircraft phenomenon. Thrill to the romance, adventure and danger air travelers encountered flying to far-flung exotic lands. Marvel at art deco air terminals, the world's only flying boat museum and onboard luxuries rivaling five star hotels. Like mythical Camelot it was a brief shining moment. But this was no myth. It was an extraordinary point in global history when Pan Am's quintessentially magnificent flying boats ruled the skies."

What This Reviewer Says

Yeah, I know, this book is about planes but they were "flying boats," which is probably why it came to us from the publisher as we advocate "messing about in boats." Despite the above over the top gushy come on, the contents, an assembly of personal memoirs of those who made and lived that time, are eminently readable, honest accounts of how it was.

Just as WWII loomed ahead, some aviation visionaries took on the challenge of wresting worldwide travel away from the then prevalent ocean liners, conceiving giant flying boats, overcoming major technical obstacles in building them and creating a whole new way to travel afar. For about 15 years it was the way to go when no other aircraft existed that could cross the oceans (dirigibles excluded, but that's another story).

Father's Day on the Sudbury and Concord Rivers

On June 17 we returned to the Sudbury River for the Chapter's annual trip from Sherman's Bridge to the Old North Bridge in Concord. This is a pretty stretch of water that one can never tire of. Much of the trip is through the Great Meadows National Wildlife Area which is full of birds. We observed dozens of great blue herons, hawks, ducks and smaller birds, too many species to list. The beavers have been active along the Sudbury, so far they have not built any dams so we had no obstacles to worry about.

Trip leader John Fitzgerald arrived early with the entire family and a trailer load of canoes. John and his mother Sue paddled the 1914 Old Town Ideal with Erin and Sadie providing ballast in the center of the canoe. Yes, the Ideal was a little overloaded. Maria used her kayak from Chesapeake Small Craft and Brendan used the 1953 Peterborough 12-footer that he has mastered. Most people who attempt paddling this tender little canoe often find themselves swimming.

Eric Slosser borrowed the big 18' Old Town Guide canoe from John for the trip, he was helped by his daughters Tilly and Nora. They were joined by Lucy at the Old North Bridge for the picnic lunch. Gary and Diane Amirault paddled the old Morris canoe, a 16' Model "A" sporting an American flag, perfect for a trip to the place it all started.



Gary and Diane Amirault in the Morris leading the fleet. (Photo: Greg O'Brien)

Greg and Shelly O'Brien brought their Morris, a 15' Model "B" from 1915. At the rest stop at Fairhaven Bay everyone took turns commenting on the two Morris canoes.



The lineup of canoes on the beach at Fairhaven Bay, the halfway point of the trip. (Photo: Greg O'Brien)

Your Editor and Miss Deborah paddled the red Sweet Sixteen from Stevens Canoe Works for the umpteenth time, the red canoe can do this trip on auto pilot if necessary. Recently painted and varnished, this canoe is scheduled to be recanvassed this coming winter.

For the second year in a row Barkley Foord drove up from New Jersey for the day. His old school chums Peter Dragone



Norumbega Chapter WCHA

The Southern New England Chapter
The Wooden Canoe Heritage
Association, Ltd

Fall Newsletter

Steve Lapey, Editor

from Concord and Kevin Breunig from Lexington joined him in the 1909 Old Town 18' Guide canoe.



A great blue heron on a fly by, Concord River. (Photo: Greg O'Brien)



Barkley Foord, Peter Dragone and Kevin Breunig enjoying the 1909 Old Town on the Sudbury River. (Photo: Greg O'Brien)

John, Erin, Sadie and Sue in the 1914 Ideal, Brendan is in the 1953 Peterborough. (Photo: Greg O'Brien)



2018 WCHA Assembly

The trip to Peterborough, Ontario, for Assembly was the highlight of the year. This year's Assembly was a long way away but it was worth the drive. Your Editor, Miss Deborah and John Fitzgerald teamed up for the 11 hour ride to Peterborough, arriving on Tuesday just in time for dinner at Trent University.

The journey included the ferry boat ride across Lake Champlain from Vermont to New York and the border crossing into Canada at Cornwall, Ontario. The Customs lady had her usual questions, which we were able to answer easily, and sent us on our way in less than a minute. After entering Canada we swapped some US cash for Canadian and headed for Highway 401 for a three hour dash at 100kph to Port Hope where we turned north on Highway 28 for the final half hour to Peterborough. An easy drive, just long. At Trent the WCHA folks were waiting for us, issued meal cards and room keys and we were good to go.



Canoes on the "green" at Trent University. It has been a dry summer in Ontario, much of the Province was experiencing a fire ban. (Photo: Steve Lapey)

The following Norumbega members attended the Assembly this year: Gary and Diane Amirault, Stuart Fall, John Fitzgerald, Benson Gray, Steve Lapey and Deborah Luby, Jeff Morrill and David Shwide.

Our Chapter project, a replica of a Chestnut Prospector, was well received and was put on display in the area where the auction was to be held on Saturday. The Prospector spent three days getting inspected by all of the attendees, most of whom approved of it or at least they were polite enough not to be too critical of it.

At the very end of the auction, as the big item of the event, the Prospector was brought forward. Roger Young, the auctioneer, introduced us as the builders of the canoe and we talked a bit on its building. Also, Becky Mason had written a note that was read to the crowd stating how much our canoe looked just like her father's Prospector that is in the Canadian Canoe Museum in Peterborough. She said her father would have wanted one just like ours.

Bill Mason's red Prospector on display at the Canadian Canoe Museum. (Photo: Steve Lapey)





The Norumbega Prospector at Peterborough. (Photo: Debbie Darga)

The bidding started on the slow side and we were getting nervous, but soon enough we had two bidders that must have wanted the canoe and they ran the bids up to \$2,650 before one of them dropped out. The winning bidder was Bob Bundy from Concord, New Hampshire. We hope he enjoys the canoe, he got a real bargain and the WCHA treasury got a nice little boost from the Norumbega Chapter and all of our volunteer builders. Well done!

The two big draws in Peterborough are the Hydraulic Lift Locks on the Trent-Severn waterway and the Canadian Canoe Museum. We took in both attractions. On Friday we were invited to a private showing of the Museum's warehouse where they store some 600 canoes that they don't have on display to the public. Dozens of dugout canoes, some over 1,000 years old, lots of bark canoes, even a few Voyageur canoes from the fur trade days and several hundred wood and wood/canvas canoes.



WCHA members on the guided tour of the warehouse. This building once housed OMC of Canada where they assembled Johnson and Evinrude motors for the Canadian market. (Photo: Steve Lapey)

Most of their wood/canvas canoes were made in Canada, less than a dozen of them were American. Chestnuts and Peterborough's were plentiful, however, there were examples of Hurons, Lakefields and Rice Lake Canoes, even one by Walter Dean, a well known builder from Toronto.

After touring the warehouse, we were able to spend an hour or so in the Museum itself where the public displays were. It is a wonderful museum and any canoe lover should put a trip to Peterborough on their bucket list for a summer destination.

The other interesting thing in Peterborough is the Lift Lock that raises the Trent Canal 65' over a section of waterfalls and rapids along the Onatobee River. The Trent Severn Waterway is a series of lakes, rivers and canals that connects Trenton on Lake Ontario to Port Severn on Georgian Bay. It was built in the 1800s as a short route from Lake Ontario to the upper Great Lakes. The hydraulic lift lock in Peterborough was opened in 1904. At that time it was the world's largest lift lock and it remains the largest now. Today the canal system is used mainly by pleasure boats, it is maintained by the Province of Ontario. The Lift Lock is a National Historic Site of Canada and receives thousands of visitors each year.



View of the Lift Lock full of canoes from a prior year best shows the scale of this waterway.

On Saturday morning we launched our canoes at Trent and paddled about three miles to the lift lock on the canal and, after gathering near the lock entrance, we paddled as a group into the upper chamber. The gates were closed and soon we were smoothly dropping down as the other chamber was rising with its load of pleasure boats. Reaching the lower level, the front gates opened and we all paddled out of the lock into the lower canal where we spent a few minutes before getting back in the lock for the return ride to the upper level.



Entering the lower chamber for the return trip up the lock. (Photo: Steve Lapey)

On the return ride we shared the chamber with a pair of powerboats, one was from Canterbury, New Hampshire, a family on a summer cruise, they are going the length of the waterway and return. They were planning on spending about a month on their adventure. After exiting the chamber, we paddled the three miles back to Trent, arriving just in time for lunch.

Friday night's paddle-by went off smoothly, the weather was perfect and the canoes were lovely to look at.

Gary and Diane in the paddle-by, using the old Morris. (Photo: Steve Lapey)



Yes, this is a 26' Ogilvy canoe in the paddle-by. This is a huge canoe. (Photo: Steve Lapey)

With the Chevy and the trailer loaded Steve, Deborah and John hit the road for home at 4pm after the Saturday auction and after dropping John off in Concord the journey ended in Groveland at 3:45am. Next time we will take the extra overnight before leaving.

Next year's Assembly will be back at Paul Smith's and the theme will be "100 Year Old Canoes," so if you have a qualifying canoe now is the time to start getting it look

Salem Maritime Festival

The Salem Maritime Festival was held on August 4 and 5 on Derby Wharf in Salem, Massachusetts. Once again Norumbega set up a display of wooden canoes to thrill the visiting public and look for prospective members for the WCHA. We did sign up two new members, Mac Kohler, from Brooklyn, New York, who was visiting family in Salem and just stopped by and Jason Cabral from Salem who we also encouraged to join the Chapter. Welcome Jason and Mac to the WCHA!

Saturday started out nice but the forecast was for heavy rain in the afternoon. During the dry times we were busy talking about canoes with the public, during the rain showers we were talking among ourselves about canoes. Either way it was a fun way to spend the day.

On Saturday our volunteer help included Gary Amirault, Lawton Gaines and Jeff Morrill. Gary brought his old Morris canoe and Lawton brought along some parts and pieces of the Old Town that he is busily working on. Your editor came with two canoes, a Chestnut Chum and a red Stevens canoe rigged with a sail. The sail waving in the breeze seemed to attract a fair amount of interest, however, every time a gusty rainstorm came through the sail had to be dropped to keep the whole assembly from blowing away.

Sunday was sunny and hot. Very hot. The crowds were as big or bigger than any we have ever seen at one of these events. We were busy from start to finish. Sunday's crew included Tom Bickford, Doug Deyoe, Stuart Fall and Ted Harrigan, with a short visit from Greg and Shelly O'Brian.

Doug brought his old Peterborough model 70 racing canoe from the early 1900s and we couldn't keep the crowds away from it. This has to be the most unusual canoe we have ever seen! It is a wide board, flush batten all wood canoe, made strictly for solo or tandem racing. Earlier this summer at the Canadian Canoe Museum there were several similar canoes, but none with some of the features of this one.

Stuart brought along his white canoe made by Jeanne Bourquin in Minnesota in 1994. A pretty canoe, one that Stuart has enjoyed since new.

The Friendship of Salem is a 171' replica of a 1797 East Indiaman. It is docked at the Salem Maritime National Historic Site, established in 1938 as the first such site in the United States. The site, which includes historic Derby Wharf and several structures, artifacts and records, is operated by the National Park Service.



Doug and Ted with the Model 70 Peterborough canoe. (Photo: Steve Lapey)



Ted explaining the fine points of the Peterborough. Stuart's white canoe is in the background. (Photo: Steve Lapey)



Jeff, Gary and Lawton with the canoes as the storm clouds are gathering. (Photo: Steve Lapey)





We're home from Owls Head, Maine. It feels really good to be back here in Storrs, Connecticut. The grass is not quite up to my neck, plants are parched, the cellar had a dripping pipe and the dehumidifier shut off so we're a bit soggy downstairs, but the lights and hot water work and our home looks absolutely beautiful. We got in at 10:30 last night after a marathon day in Owls Head. I had to drop the big chain into the mud on our second mooring, then pull our dory out. I'd pulled the dinghy earlier when the tide was high.

I'd had one more strake to put down on the porch rebuild. I'd run short of fir flooring boards and lost momentum by the time the last piece of wood showed up. It took a couple of hours to get that board in and get the last of the trim up. A little paint. Then cleaning up the front yard, moving Suzy's kayak onto the porch, loading the canoe on the roof of the van. And my paddle board. And our bikes in the rack on the back. And I wanted to get the rope in place that I'll use to pull the shed that I'm moving and that took a while. 300' of rope isn't as easy to handle as say 50', but I wanted to do four complete laps of the building.



Then the clothes and musical instruments and food out of the fridge. Now I'm so hot and sweaty that I want to hit the beach for a quick dip. Ahhhhhh. Luscious. Then sandwiches. And I owe a guy a six pack of beer for a favor he did me. The day before when we were talking about leaving, a brake warning light came on in our Sprinter. Scary. I stopped at Genuine Garage in Rockland (<https://facebook.com/GenuineAutomotiveSvcInc/>).

They have the coolest sign. John asked me what color the warning light was. Red. "Not your brakes then. It would be yellow. Must be hydraulic lines or fluid. How's your fluid level?" He checks. It's low. He puts in fluid. "Start her up. See if the light is out." It was! I ask what I owe. "Nothing." So I wanted to give him a six pack of beer. The good neighbor award of the week prize. We were so slow getting going that the shop was

That Sinking Feeling

By Paul Murray

closed before I got there with the beer. Then the 300 mile drive. Long day.

So after unpacking, and I tell myself when I'm driving that I do not have to unpack tonight, but when I get home I just want to get most of it off and out of the truck. So it is midnight before Suzy and I sit down on our front step. I drink one of the beers I was going to give to John. Suzy has some leftover wine from our visit with our friends Jennifer and FJ up in Owls Head a few days before. On the step on a warm summer evening, marveling at the morning glories and how well they've done in our absence. Just like a couple of teen agers, staying up till 2:00, drinking too much, thrilled to be with each other, on our front step. Alive and happy.

This has nothing to do with the sinking feeling that I wanted to tell you about. Well, it does. We'd gone sailing in our big boat a week ago last Sunday. We left our dog at home, he does not enjoy this boat since I have terrified him on it. The first day of the season I'd ridden over with the truck to launch the boat, and then gone over the Sharp's to use his crane to get the mast up. Then I rigged the sails and left from Rockland. Suzy and Hobbes were at the Faunce's dock where we keep our dinghy. I pulled the boat in. That's a little nerve wracking. Small dock, metal things protruding, I'm alone in the boat. I manage though.



We get Suzy and Hobbes aboard and I decide I'll tow the dinghy out to the mooring now, so I can get back in from the mooring. The dinghy line got hung up on the dock while I backed away. I tried to clear the dinghy line and the prop sucked up a dock line, wrapped it up so tight around the prop that the engine stalled. I had to get out to clear the

dinghy and then I noticed the line that had been sucked up into the prop was cut. The dinghy was now clear but my boat was floating away. No sails. No engine. Suzy and a dog aboard. And I'm on the dock.

I hop into the dinghy and try to row the boat back to the dock. Can't do it. Pretty funny, right? I mean this would be a great little film. Of course, I might have let loose just a minor swear word or two, I can't quite remember and Hobbes doesn't handle that well since our mountain bike accident. Stop laughing. This is serious. And it gets worse but I'm not going to tell that part, just say that a very nice guy with an outboard did rescue us before we drifted downwind into the fishing fleet. Day one of the summer sailing season in Owls Head. A propitious start.

So we left Hobbes home for the Sunday sail. He just doesn't enjoy this boat. He'll go in the dinghy and the dory but not aboard *Suzanne*. He's a smarter dog than I am a human. So Suzy and I are out to our boat. She goes below to fiddle with cushions and I remove the sail cover, hand her that and the sail stops and winch covers. I free up the tiller, fire up the trusty old Yanmar 3 GM 30 to let it run a bit and top up the batteries. The stuffing box has been leaking all summer. Not much, the pump comes on every two minutes and just spits a burp's worth. If the batteries are good, the bilge pump runs and we won't sink. So I run the engine every time we sail, but I really like to sail off the mooring and back to it. You know like a real sailor. That's how good I am.

I go forward to get rid of the genoa because it's pretty breezy and I don't want to scare Suzy, so I put on the smaller jib and run the sheets back to the cockpit, put the port jib sheet around the winch and cleat it loosely. Suzy has come up from below, has placed the cockpit cushions around, has put up the American flag we fly off the stern and is ready at the tiller. She's going to sail it off. I hoist the main, I hoist the jib. "Ready Suzy?" She is. I get the pennant off the mooring cleat and hang on until the bow is headed out. I let go. Suzy sheets in the main. I run back to tighten the jib. The dinghy painter looks like it's clear. We'd caught it with the propeller just two days before when we had our neighbor's daughter Lucy aboard.

We're off and it's glorious. Suzy is sailing us out toward Monroe. We play a game. If we can sail off the mooring, out toward Monroe Island, come about back to shore, come about to head out again and if we can get south of Monroe and be in the gut between Monroe and Sheep with just two tacks on a southwest breeze, then we are playing par golf. Suzy was playing par golf. I coach her a

bit and tell her all these sailing terms, downwind, upwind, fall off, head up, sheets and halyards and tillers and today I wanted her to sail the boat through the gut between the rocks off Monroe's southeast point and the rocks to the south that mark the other side of the gut. The tide was low enough that the rocks are all showing on both sides and Suzy is feeling some tension as we sail between.



She did fine. The breeze starts to pick up a little once we're out of the lee of Sheep Island. The waves get a little bigger. Suzy says, "You take the tiller." I'm eager to. She stays with me a few minutes and I am reveling in this. The sun. The wind. The waves. The boat feels fantastic. It rises over the bigger waves and settles into the trough with a very satisfying whoosh. Sailing is such a sensory sport. Dazzlingly visual. Visceral, the motion of the boat and the tiller alive in my hand. Of course, the smell of the sea is wonderful but we mustn't discount the sound of it all. The water moving past the hull, the surge of the boat into a wave, the wind, the sea birds. It is just this side of heaven.

Suzy gets up to go below for something. She calls out of my reverie. "There's water in the boat!" I look. My God! There is water sloshing back and forth above the floorboards. Our bilge holds about 30 gallons of water. To come over the floor boards means a lot of water is in the boat. I come about. We are over a mile off Sheep Island. We've been bombing along away from it. Now we are headed back to it. I ask Suzy for my phone. I am approaching panic but I know I can get a call off.

I grab the radio. I cannot make it work. My fingers are fumbling. What I really want to do, though is call FJ, our friend who is a lobsterman. I abandon the radio with its myriad buttons. I take the phone from Suzy. It, too, has quite a few buttons and my fingers are really scared. I cannot think. The water is getting deeper. Suzy is up to her knees. The engine is in water. Oh my God. We have roasted our engine. We have to bail. Where can the water be coming from?

I have a canvas bucket that I'd made in the rear lazarette. It has a 6'-7' long rope with a float on the end of it so in case I drop it overboard, it can't sink. I lift the cover and grab the bucket. I hand it to Suzy. What is FJ's number? The bucket hangs up. FJ doesn't have a cell phone. I yank the rope, stupid float. Yes, he does have a phone. It's his wife's cell phone number I have in my phone though. Jennifer and I both got smart phones at the same time. Where did that stupid bucket go? Why don't I have a 5gal bucket on board? Look at the water. Where is that rear lazarette cover? My God. I look at Sheep Island and it is still a long, long swim. "Suzy, life preservers!"

"Where are they?" I tell her. She hands me hers.

"No Suzy. This one is for you. Put it on now." The water is coming higher. It's so fast! The bucket has gone overboard. "Suzy! Get that flare thing." I'm yelling. She's got her life preserver on now. I've never been this nervous in my life.

"What flare thing?"

"It's orange." Home phone. Do I have FJ's home phone number on my phone? Suzy hands me the flare canister. I open it. I hand Suzy the top half and say "Hand me buckets of water." She does. She hands me a little orange bucket of water. I throw it over. I am trying to call. The phone has just little stupid buttons. My fingers are not doing a very good job of working. I hand Suzy back the empty bucket. She hands me it back full. I am steering with my legs. I throw over another half gallon of water. This is stupid. Look at the water. It's almost up to the alternator and that's at the top of the engine. I am fumbling with the phone. My life preserver is loose in the cockpit. I cannot put it on. I am too busy panicking. I am steering, I am bailing. I am fumbling with the phone. I manage to get the call made.

"Hello."

"FJ. It's Paul. We're sinking." I look at the back side of Sheep where I'd been heading. I look into the boat. Suzy hands me another half gallon of water.

"Where are you?"

"I'm off Sheep." I can tell we are not going to sink for at least a few more minutes. I pull on the tiller to head more downwind. "I'm going to try to bring her in between Monroe and Sheep."

"I'm off."

OK. I can forget calling the Coast Guard. FJ is on the way. We're sailing around the northeast tip of Sheep. It gets shallow in here. I don't want to try to make it back into the gut because the fishermen use that passage. If I sank there it would be dangerous. The shallows are perfect. I felt relief. Suzy and I are going to be OK. We can swim from here. The water is now covering half of the alternator. I say to Suzy that we are not going to bail any more. I'm going to ground her out.

We are sailing where years ago I saw a man sail a small boat through at high tide. I was on the rocks on Sheep Island exploring and this guy just sailed through and dropped an anchor. I marveled because I know it is rocky in there. Well, here I came at low tide. With a 4'draft. I knew I'd hit. I wanted to hit. We hit. The boat shuddered, I stumbled, Suzy lurched. We got off again. We hit again and this time we stuck. I almost fell. It felt so good to get the boat aground. Safe!

FJ showed up pretty quick. He brought his son Chris and his skiff along. It was like the cavalry showed up. I knew we'd be OK. We talked on the radio. I could work it now. The panic was gone.



They came over in the skiff. Chris and I bailed. He was a trouper. I stood in the water past my thighs and handed him buckets of water. He stood in the cockpit and threw them over. We talked. About the good old days. Bucket after bucket. Boards and cushions floating everywhere in the boat.



FJ spelled Chris. We bailed. We don't get tired. I was a machine. FJ asked if I wanted a break. I didn't. I wanted to bail. I wanted, now that FJ had come, to save the boat. I'd given up before. I'd thought I'd sunk the boat. Going aground didn't change my mind. I knew that the tide would swallow her and she'd lie there on the bottom but it was in the rocks where no one went. When FJ started talking about towing her back to Owls Head, I got encouraged. FJ set an anchor to hold us still. Then he and Chris discussed getting us off. Chris thought to tow us out the way we'd come in would be smarter because we wouldn't have to wait for the tide. He brought his dad back to the Sandpiper to bring her around, then came back to us.

To show you how quick this happened, the difference in time between the last two pictures is 33 minutes. The one of Suzy I took at 4:17. We're having fun. The one of FJ and Chris I shot at 4:50. The terror was over. From fun to almost sinking and grounding out and being rescued in half an hour. One amazing half hour.

The Coast Guard showed up in a small outboard boat. Someone had called them from land. By this time we'd bailed her down enough to try the tow back home. FJ had the Sandpiper around to haul me out the way I'd come in. I had a 300' line that Chris ran over to Sandpiper in the skiff. I'd been on the radio with the Coast Guard and they wanted me to stay put. They had a pump aboard. I asked if we could borrow it.

"I'll have to get back to you on that." By this time we were off the rocks and towing to Owls Head. They finally decided I could use the pump so I was feeling pretty good. FJ was towing and I'd have pump on board. But where were those guys? My boat was taking on water. It got really low in the water awfully fast. I was getting frantic. It turns out the Coast Guard boat had gone around Monroe island. It's about a three mile trip, instead of going through the gut that Suzy had sailed through and FJ had motored through.

By the time they got there I was really scared we were going to go down. The first man got aboard, but the second guy didn't. Their boat fell back. They came alongside again and got the second guy on board. I wanted to grab the pump but the outboard fell back again. We finally got the pump on and I wanted to start the damn thing up and PUMP. They had to prime it. "Stand over there, please, sir." I didn't want to stand over there please sir. I wanted to pull the starter cord on that Honda engine.

Well they did get it going in time and it moves 250 gallons of water a minute. Wow! We were going to make it. FJ brought me right to Pete Reed's wharf. That felt great. Home. The tide was too low though and we were grounded out right where everyone would be working in the morning. I couldn't stay. I didn't see how I'd pull the boat up as the tide came in. FJ told me later that we could have rigged an electric pump and done it. Anyway, Charlie's Marine Service showed up and said he could tow me to Rockland and get me hauled out tonight. I decided that would be best.

It was all over. No more danger. Suzy and I were safe. Rescued by our friends

Chris and FJ Our boat was safe. FJ assured me that Art Stanley could take care of the engine. My boat would be fine. The Coast Guard had to inspect me. I didn't have a "No Oil Discharge" sign. I didn't have a "No Trash Overboard" sign. A third infraction and I get a ticket. That would have sucked. I got towed over and when we got to Journey's End Marine where the travel lift was waiting it felt pretty comfortable. Jamie got me into the slings and hoisted me out.

When the boat came clear of the water he said, "The shaft is out of her." My propeller and shaft had separated from the motor and come out of the boat. Oh. That leaves a 1" hole in the boat. My. Yes. Harrowing.



I will not be continuing the "In My Shop" series because I was forced to move out of my house where the shop is located. My wife's health is bad enough that we have moved to an assisted care apartment. I still own the house and the *Great 77* is still in my shop but I have been so busy that all progress has stopped. I still have hopes of finishing that boat but I can't say when. I have several boats on the auction block. My plan is to keep only the smallest canoe that I can keep at the apartment.

I realize that I have a small fan club and I don't want to drop them cold so I plan is to start telling sea stories from true experiences that I have had. True, of course, is as good as my memory can put it on paper.

Maybe I should start by telling who Mississippi Bob really is and why I have had enough experiences over the years to be telling tall tales. I didn't create the name. A canoeing friend who writes for cash introduced me as Mississippi Bob in one of his books. At the time I worked at a lock on the Mississippi River and often after work I would spend some time paddling on the river.

Cliff thought it was terrible that anyone would waste his time paddling south of the fifty-fourth parallel, especially on the Mississippi. He began calling me Mississippi Bob. I think that he meant it as a put down but I liked the new handle and have been using it ever since. I have, in fact, spent much of my adult life working on the river.

I started as a small boy in a world full of airplanes. I was the third offspring of the man who ran the Flushing Flying School

Sea Stories and Tall Tales

By Mississippi Bob

in the '30s. I grew up around planes. I first learned to fly in the '50s and soloed the first time in 1951.

I started college but my money was running out fast so I talked to the Army recruiter and found out that they were looking for guys willing to go to helicopter mechanics school with a three year enlistment. At 17 that seemed like forever so I volunteered for the draft. I still got my helicopter school and the GI Bill to pay my way in college.

While I was in the Army my interest turned to boats. I began reading all the sea stories that I could find in the base libraries and when I got back to college I could no longer concentrate on my schoolwork. My head was full of boats. I did finish the second year and it dawned on me that if I hung around much longer I would have to take home schoolbooks.

In the fall I rode my thumb to New Orleans to find a job on a tramp steamer. I learned very quickly that to get that job I needed papers. To get papers I needed experience. I had neither. My money was running low in the big city So I took a Greyhound to Morgan City, Louisiana, and got a job on the shore at the city's water works.

There was a Coast Guard Base midway between my job and boarding house. It was

just across the street from a bar that was to become my watering hole. I had never considered going back into the military but after seeing how well these guys were treated by the local watermen I began thinking maybe that would be my way to get the experience I needed.

I was back in Minnesota at Christmas-time and talked to the Coast Guard recruiter and I was in Cape May in March 1958. I only served for four years but I got around a lot and served on several units in that time. I learned a lot and began a career on the water.

After my stint in the USCG I worked for short time on towboats in Chicago, then in St Paul Harbor. That led me to a job as a Lock and Dam Operator. That was the job that I made a career out of. I worked for them long enough to get a pension.

I have had a dozen jobs since retiring, all jobs working with boats and in shops that built and repaired them. These jobs never paid very well but I loved the work. The shops that I worked at led me to jobs helping to deliver sailboats, mostly on the Great Lakes, but I also did the canals leading to the Hudson River and New York City. One trip ended up on the East Coast on Cape Cod. These trips paid nothing but I got fed well and always got home at no cost to me. There were some great adventures.

Unfortunately, my bride had a stroke and my travels had to be cut way back so I stayed home and continued to build boats. I have had a few adventures since but mostly I sail and canoe at Lake Nokomis very close to home.



Brophy's Point

In 1893 I went to the meet at Brophy's Point on Wolf Island near Kingston, Ontario. Kingston sent to camp the prettiest lot of girls that one would ever care to see. They reminded me of the Floradora sextette. The camp was run in military fashion by Lt Col Cotton of the Kingston Barracks. A uniformed bugler boy blew for mess, taps, etc, using the Canadian calls. Sparks, an Englishman of Ottawa, whose broad "A" amused the boys, was ridden around the campfire in an old buggy with but three wheels, the fourth being held up by Eddie Sipple. He took it gravely, evidently considering it quite an honor.

We were awakened one calm night by some of the night owls trying to play "God Save the Queen" on the whistle of the steamer which plied between Clayton and the island.

Wiser of Prescott, I believe, brought his St Lawrence racing skiff *Akahe* to camp along with so many cases of Wiser's Canadian whiskey that they filled all of one tent except for an isle in the middle.

The popular songs were "Watermelon Growing on the Vine," "The Bowery" sung by George Douglass, "The Prodigal Son" sung by Wheeler of the Mohicans, "Oh Susan Brown" sung by McBride of Albany and "Longshoreman Billy" sung by Edelsten, an Englishman who chummed with Eddie Sipple of Albany.

Recitations by E. Pauline Johnson and C.V. Winne of "Me Fluffy's Canoe" are pleasantly remembered.

Paul Butler won the Sailing Trophy and we had what I believe to be the last race with St Lawrence sailing skiffs. These boats were on the wane in popularity at that time. The deck seat canoes raced the skiffs at Butler's request.

Croton Point

The meet of 1894 was near home at our much camped on Croton Point on the Hudson. A number of the New York boys carmuted back and forth to the city. I camped alongside Frank Moore in a little hollow which he dubbed "Murderer's Gulch." The tidal currents run strongly here and I have seen at times a rather formidable rip off the point, a good knowledge of them was essential to winning races. I raced the *Bo Peep*, a lapstreak Rush-ton boat of 28" beam which I had bought from C. Bowyer Vaux. Charlie Archibald won the Sailing Trophy with the *Mab*, a Canadian boat built by Gilbert of Ganonoque and wonderfully fast in his hands.

A Canoeing Reminiscence

By D.B. Goodsell
Reprinted from *The Canoe Sailor*

The Red Dragon C.C. of Wissinaning, near Philadelphia, came up with quite a large contingent, they had in their camp a neat little lamp post which bore the names Market Street and Broad Street. It was here that some of the members became acquainted with the celebrated pun, said to have first been concocted by Benjamin Franklin when he went a fishing near Camden on the Delaware, which was called the "Fish House Punch." Punch it certainly had. Some of the boys retired early that night.

I believe that it was here that I first heard the song which it is said that Benjamin Franklin used to sing at the Fish House at Camden, "The Smoke Went up the Chimney Just the Same." I heard it sung often thereafter at the Engineer's Society where it was introduced by Col Merrit Smith of Yonkers, a tablet to whose memory is on the Kensico Dam.

I did not go to the meet of 1895 at Bluff Point on Lake Champlain.

Grindstone Island

The meets of 1895 and 1897 at Grindstone Island on the St Lawrence were notable events for me for it was here that I made the acquaintance of a number of friends who have meant much to me. Among them was Jesse J. Armstrong. It was his first meet. He was then a round faced, rosy cheeked young fellow. He was full of life but never went near the water much except to swim. This was the last meet for our old friend, Will Huntington.

Eddie Sipple came to camp from Albany and brought the song "McPherson's Raid," said to be 900 years old. He wore a black sweater and tam o'shanter and I do not believe that he ever had them off for he was called on to sing his songs night and day. He brought with him a Saratoga trunk with nothing in it but glass and didn't need anything else.

Charlie Winne was in his prime and his recitations of "The Clank of the Ice in the Pitcher" and "The Controlling Influences of Drink" were heard often, to be long remembered.

Chippie Sparrow and I went in for a swim one morning. We heard a shout from a young fellow, King, who had discovered

under one of the docks the body of a man. The old fellow had been run into by the steamer a day or two previously and been drowned. The casket lay on the dock for a day, a gruesome sight. Sparrow nearly fainted.

The winds for sailing were all so brisk that they verged on gales and the sailing contingent struck on sailing the races and formed a Sailors Union. We met on top of the hill back of camp where the campfires were held. The hill affords a beautiful view. The sunsets from here were gorgeous.

Maury Wilt came to camp with a loud plaid shirt which was promptly hoisted to the top of the flagpole despite his protests and eventually cut into small squares and distributed as souvenirs of the occasion. Wendel Andreas showed up with a dress suit and created much comment when he appeared one evening toggled out for some function.

Stave Island

I stayed home in 1898 from Frank Dunnell's meet.

Hay Island

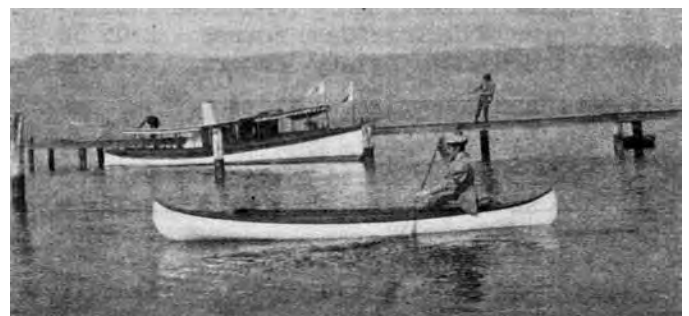
At Dad Thorns Meet on Hay Island I camped with the New York C.C. on the east side of the island, with the sailing men. I took to camp a small flat bottomed dinghy which Jesse Armstrong seemed to like mightily. It was wide and so easily turned round that a pull on one oar would send it spinning. I went alone in it one evening to Ganonoque, secure in the sense of direction for the return. For some reason I lost my way.

When the first realization of this fact came to me I was alongside a dock with a brilliantly lighted house in the background. I felt no concern, thinking to inquire the way, and landed, wending my way to the house. I knocked on the door, no response. I went inside and all through the house, without finding a soul there, being obliged to return to my boat and resume my journey. I eventually reached camp very late, finding Lin Palmer and one other still in front of the campfire, to whom I told my tale without its losing anything in the telling. Soon there were recruits to listen to the repetitions and we had, eventually, a most interesting campfire, lasting to the small hours.

Dad Thorn in his white uniforms will be long remembered.

The war canoe races were a prominent feature, eight canoes in one race.

The ACA Camp on Grindstone Island 1896.



I have always wanted a Herreshoff Eagle ever since I saw a picture of one in a Time Life book titled *Classic Boat* many years ago. They have a traditional look and rig and the hulls are fiberglass. The thought was, because it has the look of a Friendship sloop, the beam of a catboat and a hull that doesn't need swelling every year, this should be a good transition boat until we can someday get another Friendship sloop or schooner.

After several years under tarps and another year waiting for a slip to become available, the boat was made ready and taken to the launch ramp on July 11. In a previous issue I explained that after the launching the engine would not restart and we drifted to a nearby slip and tied off to start the engine. It turned out that, while fooling with the outboard, Naomi noticed that there was much water in the boat and we were sinking. We could not locate the point of entry. To make a long story short, it sank. It was raised and pumped out by pirates the next day and put back on the trailer.

That is where I learned that there was a bad leak in the bottom. That "leak" turned out to be a drain hole. After further inspection I learned that the drain was under the lead ballast ingots. I moved some of them away and there, about a foot away, was a brass plug between two other ingots. If I didn't feel very sad and foolish due to the sinking, I sure did then. Who knew there was a plug down in there and not in the drain? Well, the captain is always responsible and ...

After raising the boat and cleaning it up there wasn't any damage at all, save for any pride or confidence I may have felt pre-launch. We returned to the launch ramp a couple of weeks later and once again made it ready for a short run to the slip. The engine was started and warmed up and off we went. This time we got further than the first attempt but the engine died again. We were within 100 yards of the slip and so I used an oar (I was prepared) to get us to the slip and tied off.

That was the end of the difficulties we thought we would encounter but we were wrong, very wrong. We got lines and rigging in order and began to get the mast ready to raise. It is on a pivot attached to a deck post. This was one of the reasons I bid on this boat and won the eBay auction. This will be easy to raise and lower and saves time and expense not having the yard do it with their lift. Not so, as it turns out. The aluminum mast weighs much more with the rigging than it would appear, or I thought, and simply pushing it up and pulling from above did not work as planned. No problem. On to Plan B.

Plan B involved attaching a double and triple block and tackle arrangement to the forestay and to the grain elevator that was conveniently located in front of the boat. This should be easy, why didn't I try this first? It turned out not to be so easy (not high enough) and we reconfigured it and attached it to an I-beam that surrounds the building. This is the historic grain Connecting Elevator in Buffalo's Inner Harbor. It was built to connect Great Lakes shipping to the railroad in the 1800s. My son Gary and I moved a picnic table over to it and a pallet used as a ladder on the table to gain height. With Gary at 6' 4" standing on this configuration, he was able to make the connection to the I-beam. Success is imminent, we thought.

We pushed the mast up on a ladder in the cockpit and began to pull on the line of the block and tackle. It was beginning to

The Cursed Eagle Has Risen and Possibly Jinxed

By Greg Grundtisch



rise. Just a few more pulls and we'll have the angle and it should begin to get easier. Or, so we thought once again. About this time a very "agitated" man was approaching rapidly. I thought, great, some more manpower to help with this most clever project. Not so. He turned out to be one of the yard workers. He was very emphatic and terse. "Take that down NOW," says he. "RIGHT NOW!" He really meant it, too. I could tell by the redness in his face and the bulging veins on his neck. Always willing to comply with authority, especially when they can have me expelled from the marina (my local boating reputation sometimes proceeds me), I did as he requested, commanded.



This man explained (I sorta knew) that we were attached to the I-beam that holds the million dollar light show lights. They light up this elevator with lots of flicker and flash and colored lights at night to impress the viewers on the other side of the harbor. And if I did any damage to it, he would... Well, I wouldn't like it. He also said for a hundred bucks the yard would raise the mast. He seemed pretty confident of all that and I didn't "test the waters." We took down the rig and after the lovely and talented Naomi got finished telling me how she "knew this would be a problem, and why can't you just do it like everyone else, and how much time and exertion is all that worth just to save a few pennywise dollars. Jesus, Greg!"

Yes, Naomi, you are absolutely right once again, my dear. I should have listened to you. No point in saying anything else. I will set up an appointment to have the blasted mast raised at their next convenience. We went to the office and scheduled the mast to get tipped up. So simple and quick a thing with a lift. Push the bolt through the mast and post on deck and pull it up and attach the forestay. Nothing to it. Well, the yard crew "attempted" to do it and took one look at the mast and all the lines and rigging a gaff rig with a top sail has and walked away. They couldn't figure it out.

DIDN'T TRY! A fifth or sixth grader could do it. That was part of the reason I wanted to do it myself. I figured it would intimidate and confuse them, as I reminded my bride. We had a previous chat about it.

When the yard called Naomi (the following week), to tell of their inability to raise the mast on the scheduled day, I heard words I very, very, very, rarely hear. "Greg, you were right, they couldn't raise it, too many lines to figure out." Did I say, "SEEEE, I told you so?" Hell no, and, if you don't know why, you don't know much about the ways of women, like I do.

I know this is going on and on so I'll try to come to an ending. I once again explained the simple procedure to them, and I oversimplified it as best I could by telling them to "PRETEND there are no lines and rigging, slide through bolt through mast and post, attach cable to forestay, pull up mast, attach forestay to bowsprit, DONE! WALK AWAY! Leave the lines and rigging to me, like I told you before." I was given a look that is given to such a smartass, but I was annoyed because this reschedule has cost us two weeks delay in bending on sails and the season's end was approaching. This was on the last week of August so I was a little bit out of sorts. I would like to sail this boat before the leaves fall.

They got the mast raised (\$200!) the next week with my concise instructions and Naomi and I finally began to bend on sails soon after. We were very hopeful we would be sailing soon. But again, not so. I know I said that I was going to end this but there is a little more to the story and it was another unexpected (jinx) surprise.

The sails are new, another reason I wanted this boat. As I went to slide the jib into the jib boom slot I learned there was no bolt rope on the foot of the sail to slide through the slot. No problem, make it loose footed for now. Now move on to the mainsail. We took it to the cockpit and unfolded it and learned that this new main sail also had no bolt rope. Jinx perhaps? No problem.

We were very fortunate that Roger Allen of the Buffalo Maritime Center had found an old original (refurbished) Eagle mainsail and generously offered it me last fall. He knew we had such a boat. We went home and retrieved the sail and returned to bend it on. It slid into the gaff and boom slots easily and with the mast hoops attached we raised sail in the slip to see how the main sail sets, as the song goes. Roger may have saved what is left of our season.

As of this writing, it is September 9 and the leaves are beginning to turn. But the heat of summer has gone and drier air is arriving. So, when we get the next opportunity we will finally sail this boat and shake the jinx out of it. That's what we currently think. That is if we can get that blasted outboard to get us out of the harbor. Yes, I do have oars for it but it's a long row in and out. With the right wind we can easily sail in and out of the harbor (he said, with the same confidence he had with that mast raising project).

Sailing and tacking in and across the harbor at times can be very bothersome, especially on weekends. There are dozens of kayakers and water bikers scattered all over and other boats and ferries to contend with. To some it is intimidating. To me it is a challenge to see who has the best boating and sailing skills and see how close one can get to show others of those skills. A good horn and whistle (big mouth) helps, too.

Spring brought high water and flooding to our Midwest creeks and rivers. It flushed all the fish we were after downstream toward the Mississippi, but at least we could get back on the water for a bird sighting paddle.

It was a blue sky day, warming sun and a gentle north wind as we stroked upstream against the easy current. Within minutes our two kayaks were surrounded by hundreds of tennis ball size white and purple dotted blossoms floating upright and covering the water from bank to bank. It looked like a miniature flotilla of sails headed downstream passing by our kayaks. What a sensual treat and welcome to nature's spring on that flat water. The source of those flowers was hidden for now.



Catalpa blossoms sailing past my kayak.

The woods along the banks were finally leafing out after a drab winter. Birds were winging overhead from bank to bank busy building nests and/or feeding new arrivals. The local woodpeckers were drumming and doing their "Cher" calls.

As we paddled close to the shoreline we surprised a good size doe which posed for a picture. I pondered if she could be the same fawn photographed years ago in these same woods.



Our friendly doe.

After passing the old Boathouse/Museum, we came upon the source of all those floating purple and white flowers. A large grove of Catalpa trees were in full spring bloom. Their branches were still dangling the long brown cigars from last fall but the light breezes were breaking off the blooms and dropping them onto the ground and into the water. It was nature renewing itself for another year. We paddled up to the island but were stopped from looping it by another fallen tree across the creek. The fish weren't biting and we were tiring, so it was time to head back.

Spring and Summer On the Water 2018

By Bob McAuley



Catalpa cigars from last fall.

On the paddle back we passed the usual ducks, noisy geese and neat looking sandpipers. My current hobby involves making birds out of wood by cutting, shaping, sanding, mounting and painting them to resemble the real thing. I'm currently doing a sandpiper. It was a peaceful paddle.

One thing my son Mike and I finally accomplished this summer was the temporary planting of the Sullivan's Slough sign I made up when Bob was alive. It wasn't in Bob's slough but in the next best spot that he revealed to me in our paddles. The historic Illinois and Michigan Canal just southwest of Chicago was long abandoned to shipping but is now a paddler's paradise.

We launched our kayaks in its now shallow waters and paddled under the pedestrian wooden bridge downstream and into a block wide slough. In no time at all we found an algae and reed stand on the water. After a couple of tries, I finally got the two legged sign stuck into the bottom and posed properly, sporting two of my custom made kingfishers on top.



Our sign planted with the kingfishers' approval.

Paddling the old canal with our kingfishers onboard.



After camera clicks, we pulled the sign and paddled around looking and listening for bird life. This place was usually alive with active woodpeckers, fish, turtles and herons, but today it was strangely quiet. The red-headed woodpecker trees had been blown down in the spring storms. It made me sad to experience this unwanted quietness.

Our second paddle on our local Salt Creek was more uplifting as the low water conditions exposed schools of minnows. This brought the herons winging down to feed. After being absent all winter it was a visual treat to see the great blue, green and black crowned herons, along with an egret poking into the water for their breakfast. Even the Kingfishers showed up. Now if only the DNR would stock some bass...



Mike greeting "Eddie the Egret" on Salt Creek.

Our next paddle was on the DesPlaines River a week after a big flood. We got a close parking spot in the McCormack Woods parking lot and put our take-a-part kayaks on wheels for the one block pull to the put-in. This time our put-in bank was clogged with several 30' long beaver downed trees. We just put on our knee boots and lifted the kayaks over the new obstructions muttering names at that beaver.

After the muddy launch we found the current quick and made for a good upstream workout. When we reached the "Honey Hole" fishing spot, we attacked the swift water with several different baits. The fish weren't hungry so we headed for the golf course further upstream. We trolled up river until reaching the fast water rushing under the 26th Street bridge. Today the current wasn't too bad and we both made it uphill under the bridge and onto the water cutting the golf course in half. Paddling under that bridge wore me out and I waited while Mike boated four nice golf balls for our collection.

It was really getting hot and I wanted to head back. Returning under the bridge was tricky as we had to paddle faster than the current in order to steer away from those protruding rocks that guard the underwater passage. My son's bow got hung up on a rock here once, pivoting the kayak and rolling it over. Today we slipped through with no scrapes.

On the float back I noticed an empty picnic bench high up the bank and below it were many discarded cans and bottles littering the otherwise clean river bank. The low water levels reveal the laziness of some people as they pollute the planet further. Those glass bottles will be there long after my wooden kayak has turned to dust, but maybe there's hope. The Illinois Prairie State Canoe Club might put this part of the river on their radar for cleanup.

Why didn't I pick those bottles up? My kayak was tight, I was tired, it was too hot and my fanny needed exercise! Luckily on the way back I spotted a better take-out spot with none of those logs, although it was a little steep. Mike agreed to land there and we did, with Mike doing the hard pull up the riverbank. It's always a good day on the water with Mike.

Keep on paddlin!



Selections from the *Mainsheet*, Newsletter of the Delaware River Chapter TSCA

Barnegat Buddies VHF and a Plunger Award Candidate

By Pete Peters

The Barnegat Float started out peaceful enough. It is traditionally the Wednesday after the Fourth of July. The day was crisp and clear, wind easterly at eight knots, as eight small humble craft departed from the Ocean Gate Yacht Basin for a day of adventure. After a spritely beam reach we had our WAWA hoagie lunch with beer in knee deep warm water on Island Beach State Park. It was a sail in wet bar. It seems hoagies and beer taste better this way. No sign of the predicted California invasive jellyfish, just pesky blue crab toe pincers.

Our first good choice. We discussed sailing to Tices Shoal as a group, like a buddy system. After some debate we all agreed. Perhaps my most fun part of the trip is always sailing full sail into Tices Shoal and weaving *Obadiah* through the many moored motorboats, much to the astonishment of the bikini-nied. Some brave sailors swam in the Atlantic after paying a newly imposed \$3 beach fee. Then the wind clocked around to the SSE and built to 16 knots and we headed home, like little ducklings bobbing up the bay.

Second good choice. Shortly after departure we reefed *Obadiah* to minimize weather helm. We surfed down the following seas safely.

Third good choice. VHF, about halfway home (three miles from the ramp) Ron Gibbs in *Seven Stars* lowered sail. It seems there had been a break at the mast partners and he was adrift. *Obadiah*, the buddy that he often is, was close at hand.



WoodenBoat Show 2018 Good Boats, Good People

By Pete Peters

At Mystic Seaport on June 22, 23, 24 it was not about the same old boats, it was about the same old good people. Without a doubt this is a wooden boat enthusiast's candy store. One tries not to be overwhelmed and panicked by all the pretty boats and the myriad of vendors against the backdrop of the Museum of America and the Sea. Our region was well represented by A Cat, Ghost, Silent Maid and Chesapeake Light Craft. The point of this article is not the boats but the good people. Bill Rutherford, with the help of many volunteers, greeted and facilitated the event of the TSCA. Immediately it was a community of friends.

Morning cruises with ten rowing craft, rowing with the tide (SMART rowers, salty mariners always rowing with the tide). Workshops led by Brian Cooper (oar making), Ben Fuller (spritsail tuning) and me (rope fender making) attracted crowds (well, 15 people) from bystanders on Australia Beach. Andy Wolf and son Connor's enthusiasm, can best be described as VISA's commercial says, PRICELESS.



The highlight was the generous potluck and front porch singing and playing at the Rutherford's Saturday night. In true TSCA style we all signed up for something to bring, shopped at the local supermarket on the way and had a feast. Playing on the front porch, singing sea songs and drinking beer in old Stonington was pretty special.

Next year it's not the pretty boats, it's the same good old people. I'm going again.



The Work Continues

By Frank Stauss
Photographs by Mary Elizabeth Bernard

Even though Harold Bernard had foot surgery this past winter he was still able to get into the boat shed and continue working on his boat. *Gypsy*, a 22'4" sloop design, proved to be too much of a lure to keep Harold away for very long. As these photos will tell the work went on. Harold tells me that he will be pouring the keel in the next few weeks (on two good feet). Many thanks to Mary Elizabeth Bernard for the photos.





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There were few days in 1941 to 1943 when there were not at least a couple of open boats or life rafts hopelessly adrift on the high seas with survivors from ships sunk by German U-boats. Of the almost 35,000 British and Allied merchant seamen who were killed or reported missing in the Second World War, more than 1,000 may have died, not in the actual sinking of their ship but during the following days, from thirst, starvation, cold, depression, untreated wounds, the effects of drinking seawater or as a result of swallowing fuel oil as they swam towards the nearest lifeboat.

During the greater part of the 1914-1918 War it had been the normal practice for German submarines attacking merchant ships to surface alongside, order the crew to abandon ship and sink it, either by gunfire or by boarding the vessel to place explosive charges. Following this procedure Kapitänleutnant Lothar von Arnauld de la Perière, in a submarine carrying only six torpedoes, accounted for 54 merchantmen in 26 days at sea in July-August 1916.

In order to deter such attacks, the British began arming merchant vessels at the beginning of the Second World War, initially with a single 4.7" or 4" gun (firing a 45lb or a 31lb shell respectively), but later also with machine guns and a 12-pounder (that is, 3") gun on a high angle mounting to combat German aircraft, 16% of merchant shipping losses 1939-1945 were to air attack. Crew members were trained to operate these weapons but the gun layers (the men who actually aimed the gun) and perhaps one or two more of the gun crew would be Royal Navy ratings or, from 1943 onward, soldiers from the Royal Artillery provided with papers identifying them as ordinary members of the crew. Ships loading at neutral ports were often required to put ashore ammunition or vital parts of the guns' mechanisms, or at least have the ammunition placed under seal.

Arming these ships had more than a token effect, in January, 1941 an Italian submarine lost a crew member in an exchange of fire with the *S.S. Shakespeare* and nine days later had three of its crew killed in a shootout with the *S.S. Eumæus*, and during the course of that year three of the Focke-Wulf Fw200C four-engined bombers that preyed on British convoys were shot down by merchant vessels, and a fourth by a civilian manned rescue tug.

But the main result of arming merchant ships was that in February 1940 the German government felt justified in repudiating the London Submarine Convention of 1936 outlawing attacks without warning on merchant ships, as the official announcement of their withdrawal from the 1936 agreement pointed out, "it may be assumed that the guns on these British ships are not intended for hunting seals."

Surprise attacks on convoys with naval escorts had always been assumed to be legal by International Law and many convoys included a civilian vessel acting as a rescue ship. In the confusion of a simultaneous night attack by several U-boats, however, these rescue ships could not always pick up survivors before they had drifted too far from the convoy and, in any case, six rescue ships were themselves sunk, one of them, the *S.S. Stockport*, going down with all 64 of her crew and 91 survivors from ships sunk earlier.

And convoys were mainly on the North Atlantic and Arctic routes. Many ships were sunk when proceeding alone, far from shore,

The Second World War's Castaways

By A.D. Harvey

as often as not without even time to radio an SOS specifying their location. In 50% of cases torpedoed ships went down in less than 15 minutes so that there was time only to launch half the available lifeboats.

Board of Trade regulations required all merchant vessels to have lifeboats equipped with masts and sails (one mast for boats under 24' long, two for boats longer than 24'). By 1942 most ships' lifeboats included one fitted with a motor, though powered lifeboats had little fuel capacity and were mainly useful for rounding up survivors still in the water. Curiously enough, because merchant vessels had smaller crews but had a minimum requirement for the same number of watch-keeping officers as a warship, there would usually be at least one officer in each lifeboat, but as often as not he would be the only man aboard who knew how to erect and secure the mast, set the sails, and steer the boat according to wind direction. He would also be the only man who could navigate.

There was to be no counterpart in the Second World War of the 48 day, 3,618 mile voyage of Captain Bligh and those of the *Bounty*'s crew who refused to join the mutineers in 1789, the 103 day, 2,000 mile voyage from southern Chile to southern Brazil via the Straits of Magellan by John Bulkeley and the shipwrecked crew of *H.M.S. Wager* in 1741-2, or the 95 day, 4,500 mile voyage of Captain George Pollard following the sinking of the whale ship *Essex* by a sperm whale in November 1820.

It is no reflection on the toughness of merchant seamen in the 20th century to point out that, unlike Bligh's and Bulkeley's crews, survivors of wartime sinkings had not been hardened by years of brutal discipline and working aloft in all weathers on square-rigged vessels or, as was particularly the case with whalers, accustomed to handling small boats in high water and zero temperatures. One notes, too, that while Bligh lost only one of his crew, killed by inhospitable locals during a brief stopover in the Tonga Islands, Bulkeley lost half of the men he had with him and George Pollard survived only by eating his teenage nephew.

In January 2014 José Salvador Alvaranga, a citizen of El Salvador, was rescued after 405 days at sea following the breakdown of the engine of his fishing boat. Previous to this the all time record for survival when adrift at sea was that of Thakar Miah and Mohammed Aftab, two Lascars, that is, Indian seamen who passed 135 days on a life raft in the Indian Ocean following the torpedoing by *U-532* of the 7,128 ton *S.S. Fort Longueuil* carrying phosphates from Aden to Fremantle in September 1943, they also survived two years of imprisonment by the Japanese as they had the bad luck to come ashore on Japanese occupied Sumatra.

Poon Lim, a Chinese steward onboard the *S.S. Benlomond*, torpedoed on November, 23, 1942 when sailing in ballast from Cape Town, survived 133 days alone on a life raft drifting in circles west of the Azores before being rescued by a fisherman ten miles off the coast of Brazil.

In both these cases the survivors were on life rafts, practically unsinkable but impossible to steer, let alone propel, other than on a pond on a windless day. Generally speaking, men on life rafts were picked up sooner than men in lifeboats, though usually only by a lifeboat from their own ship.

Poon Lim told the British consul at Belem that on the raft he found water and food which sufficed him for 50 days. Before the 50 days were up he dug a nail out of a plank of the raft with his teeth and, with the same tools, formed it into a fishhook. He unravelled the lifeline round the raft and made a fishing line. He baited his hook with some biscuit, made into a paste, and soon caught a fish. He also caught seagulls which settled on the raft. When his water ran out he was able to gather enough rainwater to fill the tins.

Sea birds unaccustomed to human beings may have been a resource for other men adrift at sea, in the Pacific an American fighter pilot who spent almost three weeks on a rubber dinghy after being shot down reported eating three albatrosses which perched on his dinghy and which he shot with his .45 automatic, though he made friends with a fourth which allowed him to stroke its neck.

It is now impossible to know how far the different religious and cultural background of Poon Lim, Thakar Miah and Mohammed Aftab gave them a psychological advantage in the survival stakes as compared to Christian or nominally Christian Europeans. Where boatloads of survivors had both Europeans and Asians aboard the Asians tended to die sooner. After the *S.S. Britannia* was sunk by the German auxiliary cruiser *Thor* in March 1941, 82 passengers and crew found themselves crammed into a 28' lifeboat designed for 56. After 22 days all four of the ship's European officers and 13 out of 18 of the European passengers were still alive, but only ten of the 24 Sikh passengers and 15 of the 39 Goanese and Lascar crew members.

Whereas European seamen and even the European passengers (as often as not at this time military personnel) tended to bond well and form a kind of community that provided a degree of psychological support, the Asians, having previously put up with a great deal of racial condescension, if not insult, tended to be resentful, or even mutinous, and, being generally uninterested in the war, blamed their officers as much as the enemy.

One cannot generalize, however, a boat from the *S.S. Rosebloom*, adrift west of Sumatra for a month from March 2, 1942 originally had 135 people aboard, many of them British servicemen, and of these 135 only two Javanese, a Chinese girl and a single European survived. We know in detail the cause of death in the case of survivors of the *S.S. Anglo-Saxon*, sunk by the German auxiliary cruiser *Widder* 800 miles west of the Azores on August 21, 1940. The *Widder*'s gunfire killed most of the crew and destroyed the regular lifeboats but seven men, all European, escaped in an 18' jolly boat stocked with a tin of biscuits, 11 tins of condensed milk, 18lbs of tinned mutton and four gallons of water. Within the next three weeks one of these survivors had died of gangrene, three had put an end to their misery by simply stepping overboard and one had "gone mad died," presumably from drinking seawater. The remaining two, Roy Widdicombe and Robert Tapscott, finally came ashore in the Bahamas on the 70th day after the sinking of their ship, on more than one occasion they had

seen passing ships but their little boat was too low down in the water to be easily visible.

Thirty percent of lifeboats were picked up within 24 hours, though 23% were adrift longer than a week and there were, in fact, only 42 recorded instances during the war of boats or rafts being at sea for more than 15 days. But even 15 days might be too much for many survivors. For example, 34 out of the crew of 42 escaped from the S.S. *Severn Leigh* when it was torpedoed 550 miles west of Ireland on August 23, 1940, two wounded men died during the following night and three other wounded were abandoned on a life raft (one of whom was rescued by a naval vessel and landed in Canada). Of the remaining 29, only ten were still alive when the lifeboat landed in the Hebrides on September 5, the 13th day after their ship had been sunk, and one of these died on the way to hospital.

The dead, of course, had to be tipped over the side, if only to make room for those who remained, and this occasioned an additional horror, "As many sharks had gathered round the wreckage and we did not want to see Constantinides eaten, we waited till nightfall to throw him overboard," recalled a survivor of a torpedoing in the South Atlantic.

The effects of exposure, and in most instances cold, when there was no possibility of drying clothing or, in some cases, heat and blazing sunshine with no means of shelter, were in the context of a crushing uncertainty. Two of the four lifeboats of the S.S. *Medon*,

sunk on August 10, 1942 by the Italian submarine *Giuliana* were picked up in about a week but the other two were only found after five weeks. These two boats, incidentally, illustrate how much less competently lifeboats were handled than Captain Bligh's boat from the *Bounty*. Bligh's 48 day voyage covered 3,618 miles (a little over 75 miles a day), one of the *Medon's* boats managed 383 miles in 35 days, another 313 miles in 36 days, that is, less than nine miles a day.

The one hazard to survivors that was often spoken of, but not actually encountered until the spring and summer of 1944, was being machine gunned in the water by the submarine that had just sunk one's ship. U-boats frequently surfaced after sinking vessels not in convoy and occasionally proffered helpful advice to the men in lifeboats with regard to the direction of the nearest land, but on March 13, 1944, Kapitanleutenant Heinz-Wilhelm Eck of *U-852*, having hit the 4,695-ton Greek ship *S.S. Peleus* with two torpedoes, causing it to sink in three minutes, before there was time to launch a lifeboat, then tried to sink the wreckage (including life rafts with men clinging to them) by machine gun fire in order to conceal the *U-852's* presence in the South Atlantic, and when that did not work, had his men throw hand grenades.

Then, on July 5, 1944, the *U-247*, commanded by Oberleutenant zur See Gerhard Matschulat, sank the 207 ton trawler *Norreen May* by gunfire off the coast of Scot-

land and followed this up by machine gunning the fishermen floundering in the water. The *U-852* was later damaged by aircraft and scuttled off the coast of Somalia and Eck and his crew became prisoners of war. Unfortunately for Eck, his first officer and the submarine's doctor, who had participated in the shooting despite being officially non-combatants prohibited by International Law from using weapons in wartime, four of the Greek crew had survived the massacre. One of them, his right arm mangled by a German grenade, had died after 25 days adrift, but the other three were picked up by a Portuguese ship after five weeks and reported what had happened. After the war Eck, his first officer and the doctor were tried by a military court that included two Greek officers, sentenced to death and shot by firing squad.

As for the *U-247*, it had been depth charged and sunk with all hands off Land's End two months after the sinking of the *Norreen May* so there was never any explanation of Oberleutenant zur See Matschulat's decision to murder the trawler's crew, he had already risked detection by using his deck gun on a totally insignificant target not far from a hostile shore. The incident seems to have been an authentic Nazi atrocity and by the time it occurred the war at sea was practically won.

(Allied Merchant Shipping Losses to Enemy Action 1939-1945: 1939: 221, 1940: 1059, 1941: 1299, 1942: 1664, 1943: 597, 1944: 205, 1945: 105.)

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Voyaging Season 2018 – Part 1

For me, it pretty much started when I took a pretty close to ideal cruising boat and made a pile of shards amid the snow. At the same time I created a trailer out of a trailer. Both ended up nothing like the originals, and certainly nothing like the plan either. But as time went on we actually found “liquid water” amid the snow drifts and managed to test a plethora of theory.

That was early March. At many places around here there was snow piled up well into May. The rebuilt *Miss Kathleen* had already covered around 100 sea miles by then. Just about all those bodies of water were quite deserted and quite lovely.

This was our second time launching at our favorite hangout, Granite Creek. It did continue to snow after this but we had the ramp more or less exposed. With most of the smaller lakes still frozen and the ramps closed, Priest Lake and the lower Pend Oreille River were about the only good launching places at the beginning of the Voyaging Season. High water and extreme currents, or low water and limited access, seemed to be the rule. Putting it nicely, we had a late spring this year.



Many of those outings were only possible because *Miss Kathleen* is what some of us call a Roofboat. As a lifelong sailor, it's not real embarrassing for me to admit an affinity for swiveling helm seats, cabin heaters and dry feet. Through those initial months neither the boat nor the trailer were anywhere near a “final form,” as if any of our creations here at Frankenwerke ever get finished. Literally we did more than a hundred launches and recoveries at local ramps to test “improvements,” often a half dozen times a day. Sure, I also admit to a penchant for having to “try it out” even if I'm pretty sure it ain't gonna be any better than the last dozen times.



With the last of the snow came wind and COLD. Yep, we were out there fairly often. I figure if this septuagenarian and a two-year-old miniature poodle can do it, anybody can. Our weather finally relented. No crowds and damn few other boats out, but some pretty nice outings nonetheless.

The View from AlmostCanada by Dan Rogers



Sometime in May I took *Lady Bug*, my veteran 16' keel boat, on up to the north end of Priest Lake. We had the place to ourselves. I had to wade ashore from the still decommissioned docks. I didn't think my toes would ever warm up. And the streams were really rippin'!



Then we went to join the Coots, at Fern Ridge. Granted, Oregon is lot closer to the equator than here in AlmostCanada. In fact, Coots don't believe in snow but they do believe in telling stories.



And so we were off for the year, so many lovely places, so many new acquaintances. Now that the next winter season is settling in this October we've covered 5,000 miles by road/trailer and someplace between 600 and 700 sea miles.

Phil Called

Kate said, “Phil called. He's headed to Priest Lake, wants to know if you want to go. I told him you'd call him back when you got home.” Wow, that wasn't on the list for today. I've got three sick boats, each with potentially season ending problems. I can't be just running off. Not today.

“Hey Phil, when rya going? I really can't go today, I don't have a boat ready and besides I don't think the weather is gonna be all that great and just in case how soon are ya leaving? Jeez, Phil, an hour doesn't give me hardly any time and besides, OK see you at noon.”

Sometimes the adventure we're offered just might be better than the one we're hoping for. I've been playing carburetor roulette with Mr Yammie of late. He's been, shall we say, a recalcitrant starter at best. I finally tried an obvious but non standard nostrum. I took the carb off and dragged the dipstick across the double gaskets that mate with the intake manifold and the carb on both sides of a nylon spud that's there because somebody didn't make something quite long enough(?). Anyhow, many but not all the breathing problems he's been evincing seem to have mitigated.



About every six hours or so over the past couple of days or so I've been starting and running said motor for 20 minutes or so. He seemed to be on his good behavior. Granted, I agreed to this trip with a modicum of motor anxiety but Phil's got a new to him Dovekie with a strapping Honda 2 pony, direct drive. Certainly, given calm conditions, that little kicker can save the day, should that become necessary.

Already most of the way to Granite Creek launch ramp, we made a quick stop to see Kelly, the Nice Canvas Shop Lady. Of course, we invited her out to see Phil's new boat that, not incidentally, needs some rather extensive canvas work.



While they were talking yards and stitches, up drove a car and a very friendly three legged dog jumped out along with a woman known locally as Carrie the Boat Lady. His name is Cinco. Seems she saw *Miss Kathleen* parked outside the canvas shop and swerved on in.

Carrie is restoring a 70-year-old Higgins runabout. Still got the original 8-cylinder Chrysler. Carrie has been taking care of this treasure for quite a while for the owner. I asked if we might visit her shop. "No! Absolutely not. Well, tell the people in the hardware store that I said it was OK and they'll tell you how to find me." So, plan is to take our small, eclectic fleet of adventurers, come this July's Howl at the Moon Cruise, out back of the hardware store and look her up. And we were off again to find someplace to put those boats into the water.

Nobody was around at the ramp. In fact, nobody was around just about anyplace we went for the next two days. And that's rather odd, only yesterday was Memorial Day, pretty much the official start of summer.



I did due diligence, to allay my motor anxiety for the moment, anyway. We're gonna head north to the top end of the lake, not a good situation to be "powerless" in. And speaking of powerless, that's when I discovered that in my haste to pack and get ready on the PDQ, I hadn't brought along a jacket. But *MK's* a roofboat fergawdsakes.

Without a whole lot of hullabaloo we got launched and headed north, weather not looking real good but still no jet skis anyhow.



Just before dark we pulled alongside the yet to be installed floats at Lion's Head. Almost nobody in the campground either. Just a bit spooky.

We woke up to a strong wind from the open lake and a pair of official looking young ladies with name badges and clip boards. "Hey guys, don't you know this dock is only for 15 minute loading and unloading?"

"Uh, even where there isn't another boat on the lake?!?"

"Even then. You'll have to leave this dock immediately."

So we ran out a hundred feet or so and dropped the hook. OK, I'll admit that *Veneration for the Rules* has never been one of my strong suits. While we were out there in quarantine, a rather unlikely 'nuther pair came along.

A man and a little boy in a blow up kayak. I told him that I had gone completely through at least three generations of such crewmembers. He was quick to answer, "Yeah, I know, I need to enjoy it while I can." And they were off.



At least they didn't forget their jackets. Probably why they were the only boat we encountered for the whole darn trip. Not real warm out yet. That's snow, still up the hill a ways.

But then, everybody knows Real Men don't need no stinkin' jackets.

Our WX continued to dirty up so we decided to make a bee line for another beach, one with no Authorities with clipboards. The notion was to tuck into a lee and wait for developments.

Lessee, lunch, naps, short hike to take a looksee. Time to rig that blowboat of Phil's. "Hey Dan, whaddayathink? One reef or two?"

"Umm, er, two."

In all my years in small boats nothing, absolutely NOTHING can make the wind lay down faster than taking an unnecessary reef. Sorry about that, Phil. Anyhow, Phil sailed and I twitterpated with the motor and we meandered our way up a totally deserted lake. Just us.



Voyaging Season 2018 - Part 2

June was kinda reluctant this year. Folks started showing up, but not many and not real enthusiastic either. Jamie the Seadog and I finally got some company. Phil and Dovekie made a run up to Priest Lake with us, his first of the season, probably our fifth or sixth. But things were beginning to green up and melt out and even warm up.

Then disaster struck. Mr Yammie, our main engine just started not starting. He ate a series of carburetors, spark plugs, wires and all the "usual suspects." It was a lousy time to have to start over but that's what we did. The whole motor well area had to be re-built, mostly by guess and by gosh. A New Girl was coming by UPS, the nice folks at the UPS terminal in Spokane even took it off the truck so I could save a weekend and pick Miss Suzi up at the loading dock. What followed was wiring and plumbing and breakin and lots and lots of head scratching but we were back in bid'ness. Just had to close up the holes and rethink the hatch and a thousand things.





But back to the Voyaging Season and none too soon. Summertime! Another hop up to Lion's Head. The view from the wardroom table. Nooooo idea what the poor folks are doing tonight, we're dining on the veranda from a soup can and lovin' it.



Mostly it was Jamie and me. Mostly it was Priest Lake, sometimes the Pend Oreille River, alluhtime Diamond Puddle. Day hops, overnights, spur of the moment and sometimes upwards of an hour or two to get loaded and on down the road.

Rod and Old Salt came along for the day. We meandered here and there.



A different Phil and his young henchman came along. I brought *Lady Bug* and we had a bit of a regatta. Light air, nice day.



Then, a couple of days before the Fourth of July, things got decidedly unsummerlike. I'm quite certain that Jamie and I were the only sentient beings out on this huge lake on the last day of June! Yep, let's hear it for Roofboats! But, things picked up quite a bit, come July!



Serendipity

Some things you just can't plan for, like the weather on the first official day of fall in AlmostCanada, for instance. Like connecting with friends and acquaintances on the far end of a hundred mile drive over twisty, narrow mountain roads.

What's chances that Phil would just "have a feeling" "...that if he waited around, Jamie the Seadog and I would show up. Well, he did, and we did.



And hey, what's chances that if we just sort of stopped along the way here, and sailed off "over there," and dropped the hook for lunch waaaaay back in a twisty, blind canyon, and came out sort of "sometime later," Bob would be under that polytarp sail up against the rock wall, about three or four miles off in the direction we weren't exactly going?



Call it a Serendipitous Messabout, I guess. The whole deal was to "meet up, if it works out" or to do our own thing if it doesn't. That's about as organized as things went this past four days. It was sort of a scouting mission for a potential group cruise next summer and we did find a whole lot of great hidey-holes and some pretty terrific sandy beaches.

It won't come as a really big shock, I don't suppose, but other than some dedicated fishermen here and there, we only met up with one other cruising boat and that a 30' sailboat, pretty durn rare around these parts. Since it was getting dark they didn't complain that we shared the cove that night with them.



Now that I think about it, they DID hightail it come sunup. I know, 600 miles of shoreline and they hadda SHARE. The nerve of some folks, US. And I gotta admit, it WAS the very best anchorage we found.

Except for all the others, that is. Like this one maybe?



That one maybe?



Good shelter, close to the “action” if anybody should happen by. Not likely, I’ll admit.



The transits between hideyholes was varied and dramatic. Navigation is pretty much limited to keeping it between the banks.



Sometimes the wind blew.



Sometimes not so much.



Sometimes it got cold overnight.



Sometimes not so bad.

I think the best plan is to head out when you can, stay out as long as you can and then do it all over again.

Hang out with the guys or go it alone. But just go before it’s too late!



A Last Hurrah

OK, make that two (at least) last hurrahs. I think it’s pretty safe to say that privileges are what comes when we seize an opportunity. A few of us have been very privileged over the past few days.

Last week sometime I called Phil and said the usual, “Wanna go?” He hadda check with The Boss but got cleared for an overnight. And we were off, destination Priest Lake. Sunny in the daytime, COLD OVERNIGHT. Well, it’s October afterall. Jamie the Seadog and I brought our roofboat, *Miss Kathleen*. Phil brought his shoal draft, Bolger designed, Edey & Duff built, Dovekie sailboat. Sort of an odd couple but it worked.



Just about every place we went we talked to people out for one more last time. Winter’s coming, do it now! I took lots of pictures, as always. Then, just before we were headed back to the ramp to recover the boats at sunset the second day I managed to delete all my photos taken over the trip. The camera chip was full and I was trying to take a picture. Poof, gone. That sunset is from Phil’s camera. Pretty spectacular, huh? And the leaves are turning.



What a delightful outing. We motored and sailed all over the place, pulled in here, anchored there. Like with most privileges, you just don’t know if it’ll come again and if it does, when?

Bob and Heidi live on a mountaintop off the grid and only really have telephone and email when they come to town. But Bob did tell me, “If you’re gonna do one of your spontaneous messabouts, try texting me. If I happen to have my phone and if it happens to receive your message, I just might want to attend.” So I did and they did.



The biggest crew in the smallest boat. But they fit pretty well in their 11' car topper. Phil brought Dovekie and I pulled *Lady Bug* out of winter storage.

What a delightful outing. It wasn't real cold, the wind was light and not so light. We launched at Diamond Puddle and surprise, we had the place to ourselves. Nobody kept "score." But, partial though I am, I'd say that *Lady Bug* was the best all 'round ragboat out there today. For a little girl who doesn't get to dance all that often these days, she can still kick up her heels and the other two boats did alright, too.

We crisscrossed our local pond dozens and dozens of times. Tacked and gybed, even raced a bit.



Then I took my companions on a bit of a sentimental journey, interesting for them, sentimental for me. We went over to the Scout Camp and tied off on one of the private docks that get moored over there for the winter out of the prevailing wind and safer from the breaking up ice yet to come. I managed to miss-spend a formative portion of my youth at this place. But today, well, I think there was "somebody" on that trail with me. Phil and Heidi and Bob were off exploring by themselves. I took a favorite trail, off to the opposite direction.

It's been a long, long time, over 50 years, since I walked this lakeside trail. I sure don't look or feel like I did back before Kennedy debated on TV with Nixon, but I'd say that old, familiar trail looked exactly like I remembered it.

And some of those trees still don't look a day over 200. Much of the camp is just about like it was, too. Maybe it was just the echo of the thousands upon thousands of boys and young men who have also walked "my" trail. Maybe they were all there today. Maybe just one. But somebody was certainly there with me.

It's what can come of a spontaneous hop to the launch ramp. Could be nice. Could be cold and wet. No matter, we just never know when or if we'll get to do it again.



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Rust Fleet

The *SS El Faro*, a container ship, sank in the Caribbean during a 2016 hurricane, killing all 33 crew. It carried an S-VDR that is much like the Black Box on an airplane and Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute's ROV recovered it for an investigation by the Coast Guard and the NTSB. The findings were tragic, frustrating and maddening.

TOTE Maritime, owners of the vessel, did not inform the captain of the heavy weather approaching his last known position, nor did the Master attempt to stay abreast of the worsening conditions. The skipper failed to use standard Bridge Resource Management techniques. In other words, he did not reduce speed, failed to discuss power concerns with the engineer and ignored warnings from other officers and crew. Captain Michael Davidson shrugged off bridge concerns about the weather claiming that this was nothing compared to the heavy seas he experienced in Alaska. An Able Seaman voiced deep concerns about sailing in a narrow strait in such weather. The Third Officer agreed.

Captain Davidson did not write out night orders as per Standard Operation Procedures, however, the ship's configuration had been altered significantly between her Alaska trips and the Caribbean assignments. She now was 2' lower in the water and her stability had changed. The cargo ventilation openings were now closer to the waterline.

The ship took on a port list, worrying the Engineer who reported to the bridge that the list was causing problems with the oil levels. The Chief Mate reported to the Captain who ignored it. The main engine lube oil sump storage tank was lower than required. The suction bell mouth was off centered to the starboard and this eventually led to a catastrophic engine failure at the worst possible time.

When the ship went down, the Captain was not on the bridge. He had retired to his cabin.

The entire conduct of TOTE and the skipper was lacking in even minimal focus. This accident was caused by hubris, insouciance, arrogance coupled with lower ranking officers failing to confront their superior. While I am not a total advocate of fragging, the crew should have tossed Davidson's tush overboard and headed away from the hurricane. "Caine Mutiny" suddenly comes to mind.

The sulphur gas cap for cargo ship mandates scheduled for implementation in 2020 has finally caught the attention of ship owners as something that simply will not disappear. Over 1,000 ships have had scrubbers installed, unfortunately that is only 3% of the total fleet. The big boys of the industry including Frontline, DHT, Star Bulk and Slipethoff have now accepted the rules and are preparing accordingly.

Hapag-Lloyd, the German giant, stated that they are testing exhaust gas cleaning technology on two large containerships. They have expressed interest in using LNG as a fuel alternative. Most of the fleet would rather use a low sulphur fuel instead of scrubbers. They have a year to think about it.

Russian President Vladimir Putin and Finland's Sauli Niinisto reached a major decision on LNG as the only acceptable fuel in the Arctic. Both nations recognize the shrinking of the polar icecap and the need to keep the environment as clean as possible with the increase of commercial shipping in northern waters.

President Putin said, "We should discuss issues related to the security of navigation in



Over the Horizon

By Stephen D.
(Doc) Regan

these latitudes, including in case of adverse environmental conditions... It would be very useful to discuss opportunities for joint work to preserve the fauna, the wildlife, because many animals in the Arctic face a difficult situation. For example, polar bears are in danger because of the melting ice... And finally, scientists from all the countries of the Arctic region could join their efforts and the state must support them in organizing various kinds of research, including climate change."

Maybe Putin SHOULD be more active in US elections or at least make his American minions listen to him.

Gray Fleet

The US Coast Guard tender *Maple*, ported in Sitka, Alaska, needed required scheduled maintenance but instead of sailing down the West Coast and through the Panama Canal before heading north to Baltimore, she simply transited through the Northwest Passage. Quite obviously, this saved thousands of gallons of fuel, weeks of time and additional wear on the ship. The era of Arctic sailing is upon us.

Canada is in the process of building several Arctic Offshore Patrol Ships (AOPS) as is Norway and Denmark. The latter nation is especially interested in securing fisheries and sovereignty patrols around Greenland. Their Navy is responsible for Coast Guard functions, search and recovery, fishery inspections, environmental surveillance, hydrological study and disaster relief according to Edward Lundquist writing in *Seapower*.

Their AOPVs feature heated superstructures, flight decks and weather decks. With special ice protected sea valves, propellers and rudders, they are capable of plowing through 1m thick solid ice. They have a crew of 21 but usually carry 22 additional personnel for hydrographic studies, scientific research or other operations.

Meanwhile, their northern neighbor, Norway, depends on their Coast Guard's *Svalbard* ice breaking cutter. Norway has a huge coastline to protect and also possesses many islands well into the Arctic Ocean including some that are the size of Ireland. They are scheduling updates with the building of three *Jan Mayen*-class vessels that are 447 long displacing 9,000 tons. These new ships not only do normal patrol as well as carry equipment and personnel for emergency hospital care. Further, they can handle oil spills.

Canada's *Harry Dewolf* class ships are based on Norwegian design. Unlike their European allies, Canada's Arctic coastline has little infrastructure in the region, therefore, their ships must be self sufficient. To cope with this problem Canada fully recognizes the developing use of the Arctic seaway and she is building a base at Nanisivik that will include an airport and deepwater harbor. Unlike the Nordic countries, the ice north of Canada is different. It is permanent, multi year ice that doesn't melt in the summer.

Commander Cory Gleason said, "The multi year ice is harder than concrete. It can really mess up anything that runs into it. When it is mixed with first year ice it can be hard to see. At the opening of the navigation season, it can be dangerous. That's why a polar class ship is so important to us."

The US Navy is again hoisting the trial balloon of the Arsenal Ship, a vessel capable of carrying 500-700 missile launchers for land attack, air defense, fire support and ballistic missile defense. This old saw has been kicked around for years. Originally, arsenal ships were considered a great idea for the old *Iowa* class battleships that are virtually unaffected by weather, very steady and well armored. The Navy dismissed that concept because of the high manpower need to operate those ships, to say nothing about their 75-year-old age. No one seems to mention it but one good hit on such a ship and BOOM.

The Navy announced that Lt (jg) Asante McCalla was apparently lost at sea off San Diego from the *USS Lake Erie* (CG-70). He had entered the Navy through the NROTC program at Morehouse College in Atlanta. The Navy commenced man overboard procedures when he failed to show up for duty and was not found aboard. Several ships scoured the area for ten days with no results.

The Navy's report to Congress regarding the often discussed LCS vessels is both interesting and insightful as to the ways of Inside the Beltway. The proponents of the ship continue to cite the overall cost effectiveness of component built ships that can be used in a variety of missions. The opponents note that the LCS ships are very vulnerable, not particularly survivable, not especially lethal and possess a boatload of technical issues. They further argue that there is no need to acquire the planned 32 ships as originally stated.

Of particular interest is the Navy's shift away from the LCS ships and a desire to commence building a bundle of frigates. Senators from ship building states want both the full 32 or even 33 LCS ships AND the frigates. Fiscal conservatives choke on the entire discussion. Liberals are too busy going nuts over the President to pay much attention to spending measures.

Inland Waterways

Rising Sun and Rabbit Hash, both in Kentucky, now join each other compliments of a ferry service. *MS Lucky Lady* will operate between the cities in order to add business to the Rising Star casino. The push boat, built in Texas, is 26' long with a beam of 16' and a draft of 5.5'. The pilothouse is 20' above water level. "Nothing runs like a Deere," says the advertisement stemming from Iowa, and a pair of John Deere 350hp engines powers this boat. Because of its small size, the boat is "truckable." The ferry barge itself is 105.6' stem to stern with a beam of 38' sitting in about 5' of water. It weighs in at a hefty 93 tons. The two crewmembers will be in appropriate uniform for the gamblers.

Ohio River Salvage purchased 15 older towboats from Kirby Inland Marine in December. Ohio River placed the boats in flotillas of nine vessels in the first and three each in the other two. The excitement of watching nine towboats end on end created something of a tourist attraction.

Water Environment

Wire services spread the word that a toxic algae bloom has left a "trail of dead ani-

imals and triggered a putrid stench along western Florida's coast." Hundreds of thousand of dead fish, sea turtles, bottlenose dolphins and even a whale shark litter the 20-mile stretch from Clearwater to St Petersburg. The density of the deadly bloom varies considerable along a 120-mile area on the Sun Coast. The world has until January to clean up this problem because that is when I will be in St Pete, and I won't tolerate such crap.

Tania Aebi, a well known author and circumnavigator, let fly with a buildup paroxysm of feminine frustration about plastic junk floating in the ocean. Writing in *Cruising Outpost*, Ms Aebi inveighed against all the indestructible debris swimming around oceans and seas. She isn't just complaining about plastic straws, rather, she insists that one can hardly sail a day without coming upon coolers, full garbage bags, bottles, trash and miles of synthetic line.

The gyres of our oceans' currents tend to create whirlpools of plastic leftovers. Scientists and experts have long wondered how to eradicate these floating islands of trash. Yes, there are some attempts to recycle a minute portion of this stuff, but so far no real gains have been made.

Sail magazine noted that recreational boats are restricted from using certain bottom paints and must use less effective but more ecologically friendly coatings. Meanwhile, commercial ships are allowed to use the toxic paint. Let's see, my West Wight Potter's bottom versus a Ro-Ro's bottom. Something doesn't jibe.

Living in the Corn Belt of Iowa, I hear nothing from our politicians but praise and virtually sacred worship of all things corn, especially ethanol. If our rulers had their way, we would all be driving E-85 fuel and running our marine motors on purely maize fuel. Boat companies and Texans have fought ethanol laced gas forever. The issue is the stability of ethanol which is simply two carbons with an -OH ion bonded to one of them which makes this easily broken down to combine the -OH ion to another Oxygen ion, thus we get HOH or more accurately H2O, water. Marine motors do not burn water as well as gas. The second aspect of this is finding marinas that have ethanol free fuel. C. Henry Depew, well known among small boat magazine readers, says the pure-gas.org will cite the sites where pure gas is sighted.

Personally, I think we have crapped in our own nest enough that humanity will simply disappear as the climate changes, the oceans wrecked and decent soils erode to the sea. Then Mother Earth will, over the course of thousands of years, seek balance and will repair itself. Don't you wonder what animals will survive that long? I think it will be mosquitoes.

White Fleet

German pop singer, Daniel Kueblboeck evidently is missing at sea. He was on board the Aida Cruise ship *Aidaluna* off the coast of Canada when he was reported missing. The ship stopped and returned to a spot off Newfoundland where officials believed he entered the water. Canadian Coast Guard has also entered the search.

The British Virgin Islands, that suffered horrific beatings from hurricanes *Irma* and *Maria*, are beginning to recover. In February they will have a great celebration and "homecoming" for tourists. Ports will be open for cruise ships, hotels are proffering some attractive prices and people will be welcomed with

open arms by island folk desperate for some US dollars after a year of little income.

Hurricane *Isaac* has messed up several cruises in the Caribbean. *Carnival Vista* showed some interesting means of getting their passengers what they ordered. They simply reversed their itinerary, hitting the eastern-most islands first landing at the islands ahead of the storm, and then heading back to Florida.

Hurricane *Florence* has forced several cancellations of Bermuda stops. Autumn is not really the best time to be cruising in the Atlantic unless you are willing to have your schedule rearranged, willing to suffer some severe weather and enjoy all oceanic adventures.

Oasis of the Seas is one of the world's largest cruise ships able to handle 5,000 plus people and entertain folks of all ages. It offers passengers a Central Park with over 12,000 living plants and two large interior areas open to the sky. It has so many onboard attractions that almost a third of their clients never leave the ship at sundry Caribbean ports. The ship is designed with neighborhoods with a Boardwalk (like Coney Island) that has climbing walls, a carousel, basketball courts and even a surf simulator.

This vessel has a Solarium (a two story complex of loungers, hot tubs, pools), a Vitality Spa and Fitness Center. Toss in virtually every kind of restaurant known to humans, department stores and boutiques and arcade games, *Oasis of the Seas* provides everything one can want on a vacation EXCEPT much view of the sea. This Disneyland, Hollywood and New York all put together doesn't seem like much of a "cruise." Walking decks and staring at porpoises is not a part of this ship.

Norwegian Cruise Lines really wants to attract more customers for their Alaskan trips. They will pay for your airfare to meet the *Norwegian Joy* in Seattle or you can get \$1,000 off your cabin price. The catch is that it is only available for one day! Her sister ship, *Norwegian Bliss*, also has an Alaskan cruise. *Norwegian Joy* will start a Seattle to Mexico series of cruises after the Alaska season.

My native Finn wife finds the names of these ships somewhat ironic. Norwegians are not known for their bliss or their joy. A Helsinki newspaper once printed a joke, "The Danes think of it, the Finns design it, the Swedes manufacture it and the Norwegians complain about it!"



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Joe Lee (second from left) and his boys sailing the "Charles River Whaler", built by the boys at the Boston School Committee Head-quarters. The easily stepped masts allowed the boys to escape the Charles River Basin and sail in Boston Harbor, in the Mystic Lakes, and in Maine.

By Carol E. Downs

Reprinted with permission from the "West Ender", October 1992

Public sailing wasn't born in a yacht club, marina, or shipyard but on a tenement rooftop in the West End of Boston.

In 1936, Joe Lee, Jr., a social worker by avocation, built the prototype of an easy-to-assemble, inexpensive sailboat atop his Anderson Street residence with his visiting nephews, Kenny and Donny Robertson. The country nephews were bored, and Uncle Joe has the perfect boredom cure, build a sailboat. After all, the Charles River was only a few blocks downhill.

Joe's boatbuilding with his nephews was no mere whim. As chairman of the Massachusetts Committee to Further Outdoor Recreation, Joe had quested for a simple craft that could be used on the river. Joe shared the vision of his uncle James Jackson Storrow and his father, Joe Lee, Sr., to create a public water playground on the Charles River Basin, patterned after the Thames at Henley and the Alster of Hamburg. In 1929, Mr. Storrow's widow, Helen Osborne Storrow, had given a million-dollar bequest to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to both beautify the Charles River Basin and fulfill her husband's vision of a public water playground.

Encouraged by his mentor, William Shand, JoeLee designed, built and tested a hayboat, a catamaran, and five generations of the now-built sailboat. His testing site was the Charlesbank, below the Charles River locks between the women's bibi (bathhouse) and Watt's boathouse.

Boat Club Born on a Tenement

One old West Ender who worked at Watts's recalled; "Joe would lash four bales of hay together with gimp, cover the bales with a tarp, stick a sail on top of the craft, and away he would try to sail. The neighbors jeered from the shore and called him crazy. "You're crazy as Kabachnick."

Kabachnick was the local loony.

The successful boat building experiment atop the roof with his nephews Kenny and Donny stimulated the natural father in Joe. He was no ordinary dreamer, and the time was no ordinary time.

He was Joe Lee, Jr., a scion of the wealthy Lee-Higginson banking family, whose philanthropy had blessed Boston with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the Charles River Basin and lagoon, and the West End House. In 1903, his father, Joe Lee, Sr., and his uncles, James Jackson Storrow and Major Lee Higginson, members of the Charles River Dam Committee, fought to create the Charles River Basin by damming the river and covering the smelly mudflats. The time was the heart of the Depression.

There were other boys to build boats with. Poor boys, living in "congested and sunless" conditions all over Boston, Joe thought. Poor boys who needed to be taken off the street, who needed a break. Perhaps, a Community Boat Club for what would become known as "Joe's Boys."

Timothy Mahoney said: "Joe Lee saved a lot of kids. Without Joe, a lot of kids would have gone wrong."

In 1937, JoeLee, candidate for the Boston School Committee, interested W. Duncan Russell of Community Recreation Service, a social agency that provided work programs for underprivileged boys, in his Community Boat Club. Community Recreation Service acted as secretary to the new club and sent flyers to the settlement houses throughout Boston.

Then Joe Lee, clad in his plaid shirt, corduroys and work shoes, and puffing an Italian stogie, would appear and challenge the would-be boatbuilders.

Angelo Andon remembers Joe Lee saying, "If you fellows want to learn to build your own boats, I will put up the twenty dollar so you can."

In the winter of 1937, John Halco, director of the West End Community House, opened the basement of the settlement house to Joe Lee and his Community Boat Club. Neighborhood kids, sons of first-generation immigrants, and Suffolk Law students were the first club members and boatbuilders. The law students boarded and worked as part-time counselors at the settlement house.

It cost twenty dollars and took 12 hours to assemble Joe's simple 16-foot fixed-keel boat, designed from a northern kayak. The craft was truly handcrafted, for no power tools were used. The boat's frame or envelope was sawn from 24-foot pine boards, whose glued diagonal ends formed the bow and stern. Forward, center and aft thwarts braced the wooded envelope and floorboards sealed and com-

pleted the craft. The boat was furnished with cotton sails made from bedsheets by either Mr. Geller, the tailor or Mr. Binder, the cobbler.

Mike Vendetti recalls: "Joe Lee was very fussy. He carried a tape measure with him. Everything had to be perfect. Center was center. An eighth of an inch was an eighth of an inch."

When Joe Lee pushcarted his boy-built fleet of seven boats down to Percival Watt's boathouse on the Charlesbank, the river was controlled by a jumble of authorities. A user's permit had to be sought from the proper authority. The Metropolitan District Commission (MDC) patrolled the upper basin between the Longfellow and West Cottage Bridges. The lower basin below the Longfellow Bridge was a divided kingdom, one bank was controlled by the City of Cambridge; the other by the City of Boston Bridge Department.

Joe Lee knew that Watt's was the only safe harbor for his fleet. Watt's had a permit to operate from the Boston Bridge Department. Joe had tried to buy out Watt's. He ended up renting dock space from Percival Watt's for his Community Boat Club.

Percy Watt's boathouse was a rectangle of docks, dominated by a run-down repair and rowboat storage shed. Day-to-day operations of the club was left in the hands of two dockmasters Arthur Robinson and Spike (Harry) Lee.

The dock space Joe Lee rented from Watt's served as an open-air clubhouse for his Community Boat Club. Sailing theory and safety rules were taught on the dock. A swimming test for prospective members was given off the dock. Boatbuilding and designing were done atop the dock. The fleet of seven sailed from and landed at the dock.

To the sophisticated yachtsman, the Community Boat Club's operation probably appeared run-down and lackadaisical. To the poor boys, whose immigrant parents came to America to create a better life, the club was a shiny and bright promise. Frank Lavine said: "Joe Lee taught me what America could be." So what if the follow-the-leader method of sailing was practiced. If you capsize, you hold on to your boat and Kenny or Donny Robertson rows out and rescues you. Watch out for the Boston Sand & Gravel Barge! Wind's dead, my hand is my paddle, don't want to be drawn into the sluice. Snapped a mast rounding the pillars of the Longfellow Bridge. Easy enough to replace, grab a bamboo pole from the stack on the dock. Now you're a racing skipper. Leo Manfredi gives the warning signal. Oops, you're over the starting line. Just won my first race.

Arthur Athanas recalls: "I won the first formal race at the club on August 16, 1937. It was a free-for-all. Everybody bumped into each other. Joe Lee threw up his hands. 'You guys don't want to learn the racing rules!' But we did know how to round marks."

In late October of 1937, the first season of Community Boating closed at Watt's with a hundred members. The membership was mostly male, but a few stray girls, attracted by the boys on the dock, had learned to sail. Spike, the ancient mariner, had improved on Lee's basic

boat design. In the winter's boatbuilding, the fixed keel would be replaced by either side leeboards or pontoons.

Quietly, the fleet of seven was stored and chained on MDC property next to the Lechmere Canal in Cambridge for the winter. This was a premeditated move by Lee. The MDC administered the Storrow bequest, and Joe Lee needed part of that bequest to build a boathouse for his boys far away from the sluice of the Charles River dam and the barges of Boston Sand & Gravel. The political chess game between Joseph Lee, Jr., Boston School Committeeman, and Eugene C. Hultman, chairman of the MDC, was about to begin. Right on cue, Chairman Hultman demanded that Joe Lee move his boats from MDC territory. Joe must have chuckled at his easy quarry. Publicity was what Community Boat Club needed and Chairman Hultman of the MDC was writing the script. To help remove the boy-built boats, a message-laden hatchet was sent to Hultman by Joe Lee.

"Why don't you take it now and smash the boats that the boys built last year? You will only break a few hearts."

Joe Lee wouldn't let go of his quarry. Eugene C. Hultman was lambasted in the media as a lawbreaker by Joe Lee for transgressing Chapter 371, Acts of 1929, which said in part that the Storrow bequest was to be used to promote the use of said basin for recreation and aquatic sports."

On February 14, 1938, a clash of wills dominated the hearing of the Legislative Committee on Metropolitan Affairs. School Committeeman Joe Lee, supported by Mrs. Storrow, Mayor Tobin, Councilor Shattuck, and William Shand, pitted himself against Professor George Owens of MIT's Pratt School of Naval Design and William Whittaker, secretary of the MDC. Joe Lee fought to build a boathouse with the unspent \$281,000 of the Storrow bequest. Professor Owens opposed the building of a boathouse and announced that Joe Lee's flimsily built boats would soon fall apart. William Whittaker of the MDC said there was no money for a boathouse. The two-year statutory limitation on the Storrow bequest had elapsed and the money had reverted to the general fund.

Not one to be easily outwitted, Joe Lee, with the support of Thomas Drogan, an aid to Mayor Tobin, petitioned the House Ways and Means Committee to release the unspent Storrow money. The committee restored the \$281,000 to the MDC and back into Hultman's unfriendly hands. Despite three written pleas by Mrs. Storrow, Hultman refused to fund the boathouse, claiming the project was not metropolitan enough. Besides, the rediscovered funds spawned several proposals; construction of a planetarium, creation of a new sailing pavilion for MIT, or sloping the Cambridge shore area.

In June of 1938, the second season of Community Boating opened at Watt's. The fleet had doubled and the boatbuilders from the West, North and South Ends were about to be transformed into sailors and lobbyists.

With the help of members, dockmasters Jim Marino and Harry Lee taught the new boys sailing theory and safety rules. A pickle barrel, cut in half, rigged with a

sail and outriggers, was the first cockpit for new members. One sat in the cockpit and learned first-hand about wind action. Then the experienced members took the new boys out and taught them to sail.

Joe Lee inspired all the members. They needed a boathouse, and the only way to get a boathouse was to lobby for it. The sons of fishermen, fruit peddlers, tailors, cobblers, chicken pluckers, and garment workers were about to learn how the American political system worked. Joe Lee was their mentor.

Joe employed his boy lobbyists to initiate a campaign of what Frank Lavine called "embarrassment." If the boys wanted their boat club built, why shouldn't it be in a safer location, away from the traffic of the Colonel Gridley locks and the sluice of the Charles River dam? Besides, the Storrow bequest was under the control of the MDC, and the MDC had jurisdiction over the upper basin. Joe Lee and his boys had to force their way up river.

The upper basin was dominated by the MIT sailing pavilion on the Cambridge bank and the Union Boat Club boathouse on the Boston bank. Both MIT and the Union Boat Club considered the upper basin their private social preserve. At the Annual American Henley Regatta held at the Union Boat Club, Boston debutantes mingled, socialized and lunched with the academic elite of MIT and Harvard.

When a flotilla of 14 boats led by Jim Marino sailed under the Longfellow Bridge into the upper basin, the MDC police boat turned the fleet of boy-built boats back and told the "river rats" not to return. Invasion by a scruffy bunch of boys in their scruffy boats was intolerable to the MDC police, the Union Boat Club and the MIT sailing pavilion.

But return they did and on a weekly basis. Joe Lee's strategy of sending a boat to every span of the Longfellow Bridge drove the MDC patrol boat crazy. It was impossible to be in seven places at once.

On weekends, the boys took their battle for a boathouse to the streets of Beacon Hill. Each boy was assigned a different corner and would ask passersby to sign his petition for a boathouse.

Frank Lavine said, "I remember standing on the corner of Brimmer and Pinckney Streets with my petition. One woman who signed looked at me with such compassion that it touched me."

The pressure from Community Boat Club for a beachhead upriver increased and so did opposition to it. MIT and the Union Boat Club were joined by the Charles River Association and residents of Beacon Hill in an unholy alliance to stop the invasion of boys. The Charles River Association wanted to use the Storrow funds to slope the Cambridge shore. The Beacon Hill Neighbors didn't want their riverfronts blocked by a boathouse for these "river rats" from the wrong side of the hill.

The gods must have heard the pleas and prayers of Joe Lee and his boys. July of 1938 was plagued with torrential rains and severe thunderstorms. The Charles River swelled and overflowed its banks in Newton, Dedham, and Watertown. The pregnant river was delivered of its flood waters by activation of the Charles River dam.

It was impossible to sail from Wattsy's. The lower basin was alive with strong and churning currents. The boy-built sailboats would have been drawn to the sluice and swallowed in the turmoil. Mother nature was about to accomplish what boy-made pressure could not.

Joe Lee and his boys marched from Wattsy's boathouse to the State House to keep an appointment with Governor Charles F. Hurley. They carried homemade banners, petitions, and a sailboat, named the "Eugene C. Hultman," through the streets of the West End, across Cambridge Street and up Temple Street, past Suffolk University to the State House.

After the "Eugene C. Hultman" was docked in the Hall of Flags, the shouting, rallying boys were greeted by Governor Hurley. Jack Donovan, Suffolk Law School student, presented the governor with the petitions for the boathouse. Hurley didn't give the boys their boathouse, but he did give them a beachhead on the upper basin. Governor Hurley ordered Chairman Hultman to allow the boys to sail from the public landing in front of the Union Boat House.

When the Charles River receded, the boys sailed through the spans of the Longfellow Bridge, escorted by the MDC police boat. The rowing crowd at the Union Boat Club didn't exactly welcome the new tenants. But the elder Boston aristocracy, either too old or too wise to listen to public opinion, accepted the boys. Stephen Cabot befriended them. Admiral Byrd, accompanied by his dog, chatted with them. Henry Shattuck, city councilor, encouraged them.

Steven Cudlitz recalled, "Stephen Cabot was a wonderful man. He wore a black derby and a tweed jacket with a black collar and carried a cane. I used to walk

along the Charles River with him and once he asked me, "What are you going to do with your life?"

In the summer of 1939, there was a new governor in the State House and a new tenant at the public landing near the Hatch Shell. Community Boat Club, with its expanded fleet of 20 sailboats and four schooners, shared the dock with the Union Boat Club. An uneasy truce existed between the rowing adults on the downriver side of the dock and the sailing boys on the up-river side.

But the appearance of the new governor, Leverett Saltonstall, dissolved the breach. Governor Saltonstall carried a white hat in one hand and a bottle of champagne in the other. The schooner "Leverett Saltonstall" was christened, launched, and sailed. The governor, who happened to be Joe Lee's cousin, had come to the baptism of his namesake schooner built that winter by Steven Cudlitz and Leo Manfredi.

The Union Boat Club dock was safer than Wattsy's, but it certainly would not do as a permanent home. Joe Lee and William Shand decided it was time to repay Governor Saltonstall for his recent kind visit to the Community Boat Club.

Dockmasters Jack Donovan and Jim Marino led 100 chanting teenage boys to the State House. Some of the boys carried handwritten signs, stating, "We need a boathouse, Gov. Saltonstall." Other boys helped pushcart four or five sailboats. The pushcarts belonged to the fruit peddler fathers of some of the boys.

Eddy Fitzgerald recounted, "You know 'Make Way For Ducklings' is based on fact, not fiction. We did a duckling walk to the State House. From the Union Boathouse, we crossed Embankment Road to Beacon Street. At Beacon Street, we

walked through the Public Garden to the State House."

Governor Saltonstall and MDC Commissioner Joe McKenney greeted the lobbying boys on the stairs of the State House. "I'll do what I can to get you your boathouse," Governor Saltonstall promised.

On January 11, 1940, there was a mob scene at the hearing of the Legislative Committee on Metropolitan Affairs. One hundred boys came to root for Joe Lee and their boat club. Governor Saltonstall sent his secretary, Russell Gerould, to urge that part of the Storrow bequest be used to build the boathouse. William Whittaker, the MDC secretary, stayed neutrally in the background, for Chairman Hultman dared not openly oppose the new governor.

What the opposition lacked in numbers at the hearing, it made up for with power. Douglas Lawson, representative of the opposition, spoke for the Charles River Association, the Union Boat Club, and MIT. The opposition's concern was to keep the upper Charles River basin for bluebloods. Let the Community Boat Club return to its original lower-basin home.

But Governor Saltonstall proved true to his word. Joe's boys would have their boathouse, and with the building of the Community Boathouse, public sailing would have its first permanent home.

On June 28, 1941, Mrs. Helen Osborne Storrow attended the formal dedication of the new boathouse, located between the Longfellow Bridge and the Union Boat Club. And the public boathouse still stands as a tribute to Joe Lee and his visionary kin and to Joe's boys and their immigrant parents, who found a better way of life in America.

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No sooner did I send Part One off to *MAIB*, than several events occurred on the trailer front:

Harbor Freight resumed selling trailers after a several month hiatus due to tires not meeting DOT standards. I had intended to replace the 25-year-old HF trailer I had unwisely sold last year with a new one (about \$400 on sale with tax, plus it would require about another \$100 for plywood floor and wheel jack, etc.).

Northern Tool resumed selling a jet ski trailer I had my eye on, which had been discontinued for whatever reason, but this would cost \$600 new with tax.

Several used boat trailers started appearing on the Knoxville craigslist at reasonable prices, as most had previously been listed in the \$400-\$800 range and many were much heavier duty than I would need for this light trimaran.

I also found that with units in the third category, "If you snooze you lose." If you don't get one the first day it is listed, it is GONE! So one day I didn't snooze and found a reasonably priced trailer for \$240. It apparently had been a factory produced jet ski trailer, later used for a 12' skiff, and had no title. Not a problem in Tennessee as such trailers don't need to be registered or licensed. At first I couldn't find a serial number, but later found one under some electrical tape. She now sits in our driveway, resplendent on 12" wheels and some quite old brown primer. The only known problem being a port brake/turn signal light that doesn't work. But she will be transformed (eventually)!



Meanwhile, back in the shop the main hull bottom was covered in the same type cotton duck canvas previously used on my Sawfish 12, obtained at Joann Fabrics, using Carole's 50% off coupon, at about \$5/yard. My \$10 Walmart Proctor Silex iron, usually used to iron veneer edges onto plywood shelves, was effective in removing some really deep creases. I ensured the hull was thoroughly pierced with the wallpaper removal tool and then rolled on some Titebond II wood glue. I had thought that, with the simple rectangular shape of this hull, the canvas would easily drape smoothly with no problem. However, I failed to account for the rocker and sheer in the hull which required some slits on the sides plus the selvages caused some puckering, as shown below.



Trifoam 16 Build

Part Two

By Jim Brown



One small slit was covered in white Duck (brand) Tape while the larger slits were filled with DAP Lightweight Spackling Compound before sanding and covering with white Duck Tape. The puckered selvages were just cut off. My fabric consultant (Carole) said it is usually best to cut the selvages off of any fabric before making anything as they don't stretch as much as the fabric itself and often cause problems.

On the port side I tried a different canvassing approach. The bottom canvas and just over the chine curve was glued in the first step, then the canvas was cut just below that point with Carole's pinking shears. The remaining canvas overlapped the bottom canvas and went on smoothly with no slits required. I covered the chine canvas joint with Duck Tape, just to give it a smoother look, and taped along the canvas edges at the gunnels as well. After two coats of white Zinsser 1-2-3 primer, lightly sanded between coats, I concluded that the port side job was much superior but the starboard side will have to remain as is. I had been concerned about what might happen to the Duck Tape after painting, but no problems were observed.

One learns things on prototypes and one lesson learned was that the 60" wide fabric was a little short of covering the sides up to the gunwales. In the future, the foam sides will be cut to 16" height instead of 18".



Again, I would recommend that anyone building any kind of boat get Jim Michalak's book, *Boatbuilding for Beginners and Beyond* (Duckworks, \$17). I just looked again at his sub chapter on trailers and was reminded of a few helpful hints regarding trailering boats with hull rocker, and boats which are much longer than their trailers. As a result, I have modified the bunks to accommodate the bottom rocker and will not put the tail lights on the trailer, but run the wires directly from the car connector to removable tail lights mounted on the stern of the main hull with bungee cord.

The trailer got a nose job (new jack and wheel) and 25' wiring harness, both from Harbor Freight, \$20.76 (with 20% discount coupon) and \$9.98 respectively. For ten bucks it was easier to replace the entire harness than look for the problem with the old one, which was run inside the trailer frame tubing and has now been removed.

The new harness had five wires instead of the usual four, the fifth wire was red for additional red rear running lights on trailers which require them. The plus was that the brown wire was run attached to the green, for starboard lights, and the red was run attached to the yellow for the port side, so each side would have its own running light wire, negating the need for the additional crossover wire between tail lights normally required. The white ground wire was long enough to service both tail lights. The kit also included a 5' wire set with male and female connectors on the ends for cases where the trailer connector is too short to reach the towing vehicle connector and is also handy for testing the tail lights without hooking the trailer to the car. A lot of stuff for ten bucks.

While I was at it, I picked up a pair of new tail lights from the Rural King farm store (\$4.99 each). Since the lights will be mounted high on the stern of the boat, they did not need to be submersible. The trailer looks good with its new mods to accommodate the rocker in the main hull and new removable tail lights and wiring. For now I'll leave it in its glorious brown primer, but it will be restored to the original white eventually. So far I have put about \$45 extra into the trailer as the carpet and 2"x4" pieces were from the scrap pile. The below pics show the trailer with the rocker mods and the new removable trailer light bar is just temporarily sitting on the trailer.





A trip to Lowes with my "Blaze Orange" Dave Gray Polysail yielded an excellent color match in their super most bebest exterior latex house paint using a flat base to draw less attention to such things as taped slits and seams (Sherwin Williams Everlast One Coat combined paint and primer, \$42.28/gal). For the white deck I later bought a gallon of the same paint in flat white. Fortunately, at Lowes (and Home Depot) I get a 10% veterans discount which is reflected in this price.



That ought to be orange enough for even the most ardent UT fan! It's not exactly UT orange, but close enough, and matches the sail very well. That pic is with only one coat of orange over two base coats of white primer. She looks even oranger with three coats of color and the taped sections are hardly noticeable.

My helpmate assisted me in turning the hull right side up and replacing the vinyl on the work table. My goal at this point is to finish the main hull and the trailer so the hull can be placed on the trailer out of the way while making the akas and the amas.

The pics below show the mast partner and the forward aka support glued and screwed in place, and the 4"x3/8" tow eye bolt in place. Now to get to work on the forward and after decks and hatches and complete the main hull.



Decks and cockpit are ready for canvas but that pink foam sure looks terrible against the orange hull! Those areas will be canvassed and painted white over white primer.



Note the Gamma2 plastic 5gal bucket cover (\$7.98 at Lowes) on the afterdeck which will provide a 12" watertight rubber gasketed hatch when modified according to Rowerwet's Sawfish 12 Instructable. I also used that idea on our Sawfish 12. The fore-deck will include a fully removable 5gal bucket from the orange store with a stock Gamma2 lid to carry iced drinks and picnic supplies in a large foam insulated space.

Another six yards of 60" wide cotton duck canvas were obtained from Joann Fabrics using a 40% discount coupon (plus another 10% for being a veteran). Canvassing the decks, and especially inside the cockpit, was much more difficult and time consuming than I had expected.

I am neither equipped for nor personally inclined to melt lead for the purpose of weighting the Michalak rudder and leeboards. My plan was to cut 3" square holes at the bottom of each board, put in some small nails to hold the insert and fill the holes with epoxy and copper coated steel BBs (\$3.95 for a pack of 2500 at Rural King Farm Store). This was the only epoxy used in this build. At least that was the plan. The double layer of packing tape I put on the back of the holes to hold the epoxy didn't hold as tight as I had hoped so some of the epoxy leaked out. Lesson, if you use packing tape to hold the weight of the BBs and epoxy, use plenty of tape and tack on some temporary ply backing over the tape to contain the weight so it won't leak. Some #60 grit on the DeWalt cleaned it up and some more epoxy (and a lot more time) fixed it up pretty well. If I hadn't told you, you'd never know what happened.





That foam transom was covered with 12mm ($\frac{1}{2}$ ") meranti plywood I had on hand, to make a better base on which to mount the rudder.

The trick to attaching the transom (or any fitting) onto the foam is to locate the fitting location, drill small ($\frac{1}{16}$ "- $\frac{1}{8}$ ") locator holes through the fitting into the foam, remove the fitting, drill some $\frac{3}{8}$ " holes which are less deep than the thickness of the foam, cut some $\frac{3}{8}$ " dowels to length, glue them into the holes with PLP3. When the glue has set, drill an appropriately sized hole into the dowel for the mounting screw and mount the fitting into the end of the dowel with a wood screw. I chose $\frac{3}{8}$ " dowels because that is the largest size drill bit my drill will take and I had $\frac{3}{8}$ " dowels on hand. With a little planning and care, when you have multiple holes in a fitting, they will line up with the dowels. In my case the four locating holes in the wood transom lined up perfectly, the transom was glued on with PLP3 plus the four screws, then sealed around the edges with paintable silicone sealer after masking off the edges of the meranti.

The various meranti parts, originally intended for the unsuccessful Trilars project, were stained and varnished. This took some time as three coats are recommended, with light sanding between, on each side. Timing worked out perfectly as I had just received the Racelite stainless pintles, gudgeons and hold down kit from Duckworks (\$30.53 including shipping). After mounting the rudder assembly I noted that even though I had made the rudder 6" longer than the Trilars plans called for, there is still insufficient rudder in the water because of the transom height, so some rudder mods may be in order.

Between completing the trailer mods and the canvassing, priming and painting of the decks, and finishing and mounting all the meranti parts, several months of available time was consumed. Perhaps the 90° heat and 90% humidity, and probably my advanced years (soon to be 85, Lord willing) contributed to the slow progress.

We all know the old saying about when a boat is 90% finished, you only have 90% left to do. This project seems to be one of those. As I am typing this, a serious gout attack has kept me off my feet for several days.

As an aside, while I was searching for some "duct tape like" tape about 1" wide to cover small gaps, Carole found an item called "T-Rex ferociously strong tape" at Hobby Lobby (\$4.99 for a 50' roll but, of course, she had one of her famous 40% off coupons so only \$3.26 including tax). It lives up to its name and you'd better be sure you want it where you put it, because it is there to stay! This tape is gunmetal gray and I think I'll use it as a design accent along the sheer.

This seems like a reasonable time to break off Part Two, so following are some pix to record progress to date. The main hull is complete and is resting on its trailer, clearing the shop for further work.



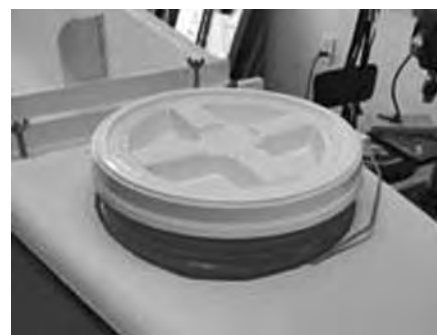
Leeboard and rudder. Note rudder does not reach far below transom. Potential problem.



Leeboard bearing plate on cockpit side. A similar plate is on the outside of hull. A $\frac{3}{8}$ "x4" galvanized bolt supports the leeboard. And the plastic patio chairs, shortened by 7", set in place. Final mounting will wait to establish boat trim in the water.



The 5gal plastic bucket with Gamma2 waterproof lid in the forward deck. The bucket will actually sit lower when the wire handles are removed. And the new trailer light setup. The stern of the boat extends 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ ' beyond the trailer, but appears plenty strong to handle it's own light weight.



Bow and stern clearance in the garage. Just 1' clearance to squeeze past to get to the attic stairs. The garage now contains a Gheenoe 15-4 Highsider on trailer, The Trifoam 16 main hull on trailer, a Subaru Crosstrek, plus hanging from the ceiling a Dave Gentry Chuckanut 12 kayak and a Sawfish 12 foam kayak. But when the akas and amas are complete, the Trifoam 16 will have to move back to the shop or we'll have to climb into the car through the windows!

Total expenditures are now at about \$1,350, including the trailer and mods, but not including money spent on my unsuccessful Trilars build for items not used on this Trifoam 16. I estimate this complete project will be about \$1,500, more or less. Probably somewhat more as I have not yet bought the three sheets of foam for the solid foam amas. But not much more, as I think I have most everything else I will need.

Part Three will include building the amas and akas and getting the sliding aka mechanism and rigging working properly and hopefully some successful sea (lake) trials. So until then, my friends, Faire Winds.

Things have been slow around the shop for the last couple of months, no one wants to work out in the damn Florida summer heat. It seems like we used to in years past but old age is catching up to the other guys. There are some interesting things here to look at so I'll show you.

I'll start with Howards new Glen-L speedboat. The plans come with a picture book showing how to do it and the pictures are straight out of the '60s. There are no power tools anywhere and glass and epoxy were unheard of.



That's back when boat builders were real men, imagine using one of those push screwdrivers to put in slotted screws in holes drilled with your hand drill. He used cypress for the lumber and pine plywood, which is no problem because it is going to be glassed with epoxy. I personally like pine plywood over any other kind, including marine ply, since it always gets glassed.

This is a straightforward build but NOT simple. You should have seen him torturing that pointy bow in place. Like all of our boats he glued it together with PL Prem 3 held in place with 1" staples. Some screws were needed to force the bends but they came out after the glue had set up.



The plans called for $\frac{3}{8}$ " ply for the bottom and $\frac{1}{4}$ " ply for the sides, which is OK if it's glassed, but it seems a little light if it's just going to be painted. I tend to overbuild things so this is obviously fine since lots of them have been built.

From the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas

Richard, John and I glassed it for him, what if he's faking this allergic bs just to get us to do the grunt work? I mixed some micro balloons in with the last epoxy layer and rolled it on and it did a pretty good job of filling.



It's the Malahini 16' runabout. This is what it will look like, he even has a Merc 60 to put in it.



Boats aren't the only thing Howard builds around here. When he's bored there's no telling what will come out. Like this, a teardrop trailer. This being Howard it took him about a day to do it. He gave it to his son who was moving from Denver to LA.



Behind Howard can be seen Jimmy's melonseed, it's been there in this state for a while as he spent the summer in Rhode Island. We told him to get back on it before we gave it away.



Up front in the four bay big shop is Wally's melonseed and Richard's SCAMP. Both are getting some finishing touches or rebuild in Wally's case. Notice the name, his sail number is 13 with the 3 being backward.



All of the boats are out of the water right now, they were pulled for something simple and just stayed out cause it's too hot to use them. That's my Lurlyne and Queen Anne way back under her cover and Wally's Big Ben Carol Ann. Someone asked me

how many boats we have around here and I honestly have no idea. And what counts as a boat anyway? I would almost bet we couldn't walk around counting them and get it right.



Continuing on to John's shop, his houseboat rebuild is coming along nicely. He has finally accepted that boats are not square, or symmetrical or level in any way so we hear much less foul language from out there these days.



Lonnie Black stopped by to show me his finished SCAMP. It's a good looking boat and all that but what's really impressive is this trailer he made. This has to be the best looking boat trailer I've ever seen. The fenders are strong enough to stand on and they also act as guide ons for getting the boat on straight. The lights pop off when not needed and the rig is low enough that he can launch without getting the bearings in the water. I bet SCAMP owners would pay big bucks for a trailer like this.



Way out back in another shop Tom makes small boats. He likes to go out in big water in small boats with small motors. He took Kathy out for a ride across the Manatee River before the top was on and got caught in one of our daily thunderstorms. Sure hope I get to go next time.



This beauty is not here at the shop, thank god. Kirk sent this picture to me all excited about this great antique guideboat he got hold of and is going to fix up. I'm the last guy in the world who should laugh at this since I'm the biggest sucker there is for old boats, but all those little frames scare me. So my advice is, go for it, what's the worse that can happen. If all else fails he can sucker Mike Burwell into taking it.



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Here is a tale from back in 2010 when we undertook a rebuild project they said couldn't be done. I say "we" but you know that Howard did most of the work. All I did was some of the sanding and all of the glass work because Howard is allergic to epoxy.

One of the most fantastic, flat out no compromise racing machines ever designed was in the shop. This was a dream come true for me, I've always loved Stars even though there's no way I could sail one without breaking it. Imagine a 22' long, 5 1/2' wide boat with a 1,000 lb keel, 250sf of sail on a 35' hollow wooden mast that's 3" wide that tapers and weighs about 20lbs. Yea, think about that.

It seems I'm not the only one who loves 'em. Joe Barnett found this poor old Star up north somewhere and couldn't stand to see it rot away so he brought it down to the museum in Cortez, Florida, to see if they could rebuild it for him. This is the way it looked. A little rough maybe but what the hell, aren't they all? It was built in 1929, has been rebuilt at least a couple of times and was in sad shape. Joe got estimates ranging from a million to a zillion dollars to rebuild it so thought it was all over. As a last resort Joe called me to see if I'd take a look at it.



The rig is questionable because of the change between the 1929 short rig and the 1930 tall rig, we have both. Joe tells me that the builder of this boat also built the winning Star, #615, *Jupiter*, in the '32 Olympics, the first for the Star.

The hull number is #561. It was built in 1929 by Joseph Parkman in Brooklyn, New York. #561 is significant because it was one of the last boats built with the short rig. The mast is 6' shorter than the tall rig and had a sail track instead of a slot for the bolt rope. These short masts couldn't be bent or the track would pop. This boat came to us with its original short mast complete with the sail track as well as the tall mast. This mast was in need of major refinishing but I bet it's one of only a few, if any, originals still in existence. From the list of Stars we learn that there were only 15 boats built between 1920 and 1930, the era of the short Marconi sails, still surviving. Out of that 15 I wonder how many still have their original short masts complete with hardware.

Bob Pitt and the guys at the museum lifted it off of its keel and stripped the hardware and deck off and this is what they found. Every frame and deck beam was rotten. Somewhere along the line they had been refastened with steel bolts and what is called iron cancer had taken them all out. It was a hopeless mess. Impossible to save. That's where we come in. Joe knows us and ask if we could come take a look at it.

Rebuilding a Star They Said It Couldn't Be Done

By Dave Lucas



Howard and I went out to see it and had a laugh and were heading home to tell Joe that we'd haul it to the dump for him. On the way we got to talking and I told Howard that I have always loved Stars so he said, "let's go for it." If Joe pays for the parts we'll rebuild it. And we did. We rolled it up to get a good look at the bottom and still continued after seeing this. Notice the transom is rotten. I know we like a challenge but, come on, this is ridiculous.



You can't imagine how horrible this thing was, it was falling apart, he had to put in temporary beams just to hold it together. It did have one redeeming feature that made this sort of worthwhile, all of the hull planks were still in good shape. They were cedar and had held up through all of the abuse over the years.



So how many frames and beams did he replace? I'd say all of them. Each one fitted, beveled and notched into place. And how long did it take him to do this, you may ask. Would you believe about two weeks? I know, that's impossible and it would take you and me a year but we're not Superman. We wanted it to last another hundred years so he used clear pressure treated lumber for all this wood.



Notice the round cradle it's sitting in, that's so he can roll it to any position to get to things. I have one of these pictures blown up and framed.



I can attribute this bare hull to me. I told you that I get to do the grunt work. The hull had been coated with some kind of horrible black sticky tar like stuff and painted over. My job was to get all that shit off. It took days and days and dozens of sanding discs

on Big Bertha, our 7" grinder, to finally find the wood. It's a good thing I like grinding, a lesser (or smarter) man would have given up and burned the thing. Here's the deck roughed in, it gets prettied up later.



And then came the filling and sanding, and filling and sanding and then glassing and sanding. That would be me again, remember allergy man. I don't mind doing this, it's fun seeing the shape come to life. That little hole is for the rudder shaft.



The inside got painted somewhere along the way. This is what they look like with sails.



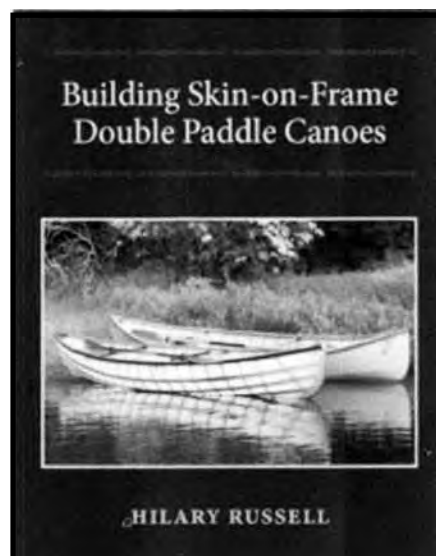
The keel got all dressed up.



See, I told you that it got prettied up. We actually used real boat paint for a change. I hate to admit it but we do know how to roll and tip. This was the original 1929 hardware, the knobs on these controls were made out of glass. I don't think Stars have rub rails but we couldn't help it, this mahogany one looks really good.

Then all we had to do was get this heavy ass keel back under the hull and bolted on with a dozen 1" bronze bolts and install the skeg and rudder so they won't fall off, you know, little stuff like that. Working with Howard makes this kind of stuff so easy.

We've never sailed on one but you could say that Howard and I now know the ins and outs of a Star boat. We don't know whatever became of this boat. The last I heard Joe was sending it back up to where it was made but I don't know. If any of you know let me know please.



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Class

History

The Star was designed in 1910 by Francis Sweisguth, draftsman for William Gardner's Naval Architect office, and the first 22 were built in Port Washington, New York, by Ike Smith during the winter of 1910-11. Since that time, over 8,400 boats have been built, with more than 2,000 actively racing in 170 fleets. It is a 6.9m one design racing keelboat for a crew of two and was the primary Olympic class keelboat from 1932 through 2012. It is now the primary class for the Star Sailors League circuit.

The hull is a hard chine design with a slight curve to the bottom section and a bulb keel. In 1965, fiberglass replaced wood as the primary hull material. It is sloop rigged with a mainsail larger in proportional size than any other boat of its length. Unlike most modern racing boats, it does not use a spinnaker when sailing downwind. Instead, when running downwind a whisker pole is used to hold the jib out.

Stars were originally rigged with a large, low aspect ratio gunter mainsail and jib, which was replaced by a short bermuda rig in 1921 before the current tall bermuda sail plan was adopted in 1930.

Changes to the strict design rules for the Star class include adding flexible spars, an innovative circular track boom vang and self bailers.



Development	
Designer	Francis Sweisguth
Year	1910
Boat	
Crew	2 (Skipper + Crew) <i>S + 1.5 C ≤ 250 kg (550 lb)</i> ^[1]
Draft	1.016 m (3 ft 4 in)
Hull	
Type	<u>keelboat</u>
Hull weight	≥ 671 kg (1,479 lb) (including keel) ^[2]
LOA	6.922 m (22 ft 9 in) ^[2]
LWL	4.724 m (15 ft 6 in)
Beam	1.734 m (5 ft 8 in) <i>at deck</i> 1.372 m (4 ft 6 in) <i>at chine</i>
Hull appendages	
Keel/board type	<u>bulb keel</u> 401.5 ± 7 kg (885 ± 15 lb) ^[2]
Rig	
Rig type	<u>sloop</u>
Mast length	9.652 m (31 ft 8 in)
Sails	
Mainsail area	20.5 m ² (221 sq ft)
Jib/genoa area	6.0 m ² (65 sq ft)
Upwind sail area	≤ 26.5 m ² (285 sq ft)
Former Olympic class	

Short Rig



Tall Rig



I have been asked about how Howard made the cold molded hull for the giant melonseed *Tricia Marie*. I found some pictures showing how he did it. When he cold molds a boat hull he's basically making a hull out of perfectly form fitting plywood, plywood that he's made himself in the perfect shape of the boat. You'll see.



First he had to set up the molds, or frames as some of you would call them. They don't stay in the boat. Everything has to be straight and level. Since the hull is pretty thin, he doesn't have any extra wood to sand down to get a perfect shape.



Then he put a bunch of long stringers on them. These are what gives the plywood we're making its shape. If he had just put on a lot more of these strips he'd have a strip planked boat, that's really easy to do.

In fact, that's exactly what I did when I made the hull for my *Helen Marie*. I used this same form and stringers. Here's a good shot of them when the finished hull is lifted off.



Now the fun starts. He cut a bunch of thin narrow plywood planks about 4" wide and stapled them to the molds at an angle. These are made from good $\frac{1}{8}$ " plywood. He thought about using $\frac{1}{8}$ " thick solid cedar but soon realized that they don't bend worth a dam. He'd like to be sloppy but he can't, especially on this first layer.

The Joys of Cold Molding a Boat

By Dave Lucas



The joints between each plank are different and have to be perfect so he got real good with a block plane. Next is the really fun part, he made a bunch more of these plywood strips and covered the whole thing from the other angle. And to make it even more fun, they are all glued to the ones below them. So there is a solid layer of glue (Titebond III in this case) between these layers. To hold the second layer to the first he put in a million staples, an electric staple gun is a must. After the glue dried he had to come back and remove all of these staples. We had staple pulling parties.



Thank goodness that's done, that was a real pain. But no, it's not done. Look closely at this picture. You'll notice that the thin plywood strips are running fore and aft, not across. What the hell? You guessed it. Sand the whole thing down smooth and glue another layer on front to back with another million staples and gallons of glue. When that's all hardened and de-stapled and sanded he had a $\frac{3}{8}$ " thick wooden hull with at least nine plies and lots of waterproof glue. Talk about strong. Then he glassed the whole thing. In this case he put on a layer of heavy #1708 cloth, overlapping in the middle followed by a layer of 10oz cloth overlapping in the middle. This hull was 21' long.



After the outside was finished it was lifted off of its molds, turned over and the inside glassed with the same schedule of cloth. It was a really strong, light hull.



After that he just finished it up like we would any other boat. Well maybe not exactly like any other boat, after all it did have a built-in electric motor and an electric winch to raise and lower the mast. I guess that kind of stuff is normal for Howard.



Here she is finished. She was a real beauty. Our buddy Mike Wick up in New Jersey cold molded one of the 15-footers over a hull I made for him, he knows how much fun and easy it is to do. So for your next project try one of these.



And the Nutshell is Off

This little beauty has left the Shop and is in the care of its new owner, Robin Tauck. It was commissioned so she and her family could sail it around their home in Connecticut. The name of the boat, *Compo*, is actually the name of the cove they live on. It's a Joel White design, a simple little boat that has a surprising amount of room for being only 9' long! It has been a nice project to have in the Shop since it shows a method of building that's different from what we usually do. (Photo Credit: Bill Chen)



Meet the Dublin Bay 24

If you've walked into the Shop recently, you may have noticed a very large lofting

Apprenticeshop News



table spanning most of the bottom floor. This lofting is the beginning of an exciting new project, the Dublin Bay 24 (or Royal Alfred 38, as it will be known). We are proud to have been selected as the first school in the US to help build a rejuvenated fleet of these full-keel boats. (Photo credit: Erin Tokarz)



Progress on Whitehall

The Whitehall has moved from the bottom floor of the Shop out to the big white shed.

Maria and Owen are almost finished varnishing the interior. They are fastening the frames in and will then do a final coat before moving on to thwarts, knees and the breasthook.

Other Developments on the Shop Floor

Here are four Susan Skiffs under construction on the second floor. The bottom planking is complete, or almost complete on all of them. Soon work on the interiors can begin.

On the bottom floor, Emily is several planks further along on the Abeking and Rasmussen tender. The boat is a challenge as it has a lot of shape over a very short distance. The planking process has involved a healthy dose of scarfing and steaming so far.



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A black and white photograph of a wooden oar and paddle, showing the grain of the wood and the shape of the blades.

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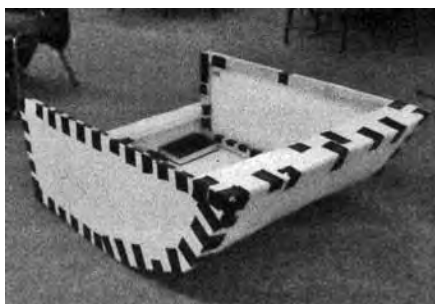
Wooden Canoe Heritage Association

A circular logo for the Wooden Canoe Heritage Association. It features a canoe on a river with a sun or moon in the background. The text around the circle reads '35th Anniversary WOODEN CANOE HERITAGE ASSOCIATION 1979-2014'.

Join the Wooden Canoe Heritage Association today and receive six issues of *Wooden Canoe*, the full-color journal of the WCHA. Other benefits of membership include local and national events throughout Canada and the United States, on-line research and repair help, and wooden canoe-themed merchandise.

www.WCHA.org
603-323-8992

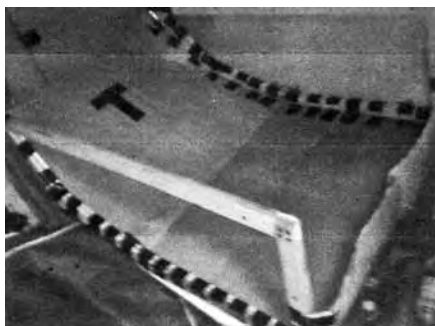
Here is the forward section of *Dancing Chicken* sitting at the rear of the sanctuary of Christ the King Church in Belfast. She arrived there by the expedient of being folded up in a bag in the back seat of a taxi.



At this point I guess we need to refer back to the photos I took of the "three dimensional rough sketch" in corrugated cardboard in order to provide the background on how this so seemingly suddenly could have occurred. For quick reference, here they are:



I'm including this one other shot in this series, mostly to preserve historical sequentiality so to speak, although I think that this photo possibly tends to be rather disconcerting:



In fact, I can imagine someone exclaiming, "She wants to go out in the water in that?!" in answer to my chortle in Part XX. In fact, it occurred to me upon later reflection that this series of photos might not so much prompt someone to exclaim, "My! It looks like *Dancing Chicken* is really finally hatching!" as "My! It looks like poor Gloria has finally..."

OK, well, remember, I did say "rough" sketches! But I did glean some very valuable information from these and I got some of the ideas I needed in order to be able to go on to the next step. At the end of Part XX

Dancing Chicken

A MiniSaga in (?) Parts

Part XXI

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I was actually speculating on the possibility of somehow reinforcing the cardboard model and just getting out there in that. This was partly because the idea was so intriguing and partly because, as I mentioned at that time, it isn't easy getting a hold of a 4'x8' sheet of Coroplast living in Searsport, Maine, and not driving. Then, unexpectedly and providentially, I did manage to get a hold of one (well, three, actually).

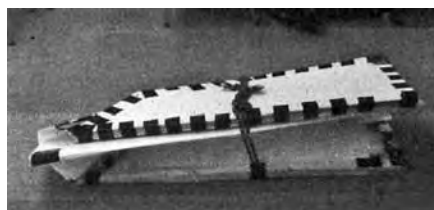
It happened when I was riding home from church and telling the friend who was giving me a ride, about the difficulties I was having obtaining that above mentioned material when he said, "I'm going to Rockland tomorrow," and he said he could pick it up for me. So after hauling one of these sheets down to the camper, I simply took the cardboard off the model, replaced it with Coroplast and put the Coroplast sides on. So then all I had to do was to improvise a carrying bag (I already had some of those nifty heavy duty plastic bags handy).



Then I put her in the back seat of the taxi.



And here's the section of the boat before I unfolded it at the church.



So there she is essentially. This is still a work in progress. I plan to integrate more bracing and reinforcing structures. She, of course, also needs the aft section but this should go more smoothly than the forward section did since (as I mentioned in part XIX) I now actually have a plan and instructions which I didn't have before but which I have slowly assembled piece by piece like a puzzle as I went along.

I plan to continue to utilize the "layering system" using laths. This produces a frame

approximately equivalent to one that could be obtained by jigsawing it out of a solid piece of 1" (or more accurately, 1 1/8") solid spruce.

It seems to be quite strong and I'm surprised at how light it is (lighter, in fact, than the yellow pine frame I had originally built years ago, even with the bottom and sides on). It only occurred to me later that I could have weighed the section by carrying it into the bathroom at church and weighing it on the scales there (Oh well, maybe next time).

Another thing that will help expedite the building of the aft section is that I pretty much have the lines for it already. The plans for the PDracer (<http://www.pdracer.com/free-plans/>) are available for free online and I like them. So I plan to use those pretty much as they are with few, if any, modifications. Here, with the help of Microsoft Paint, are pretty much the lines for the aft section for *Dancing Chicken*.

So now I have, I think, all the pieces I need. So let's see. Fall started on September 22 so I guess I can rule out my speculations in Part XVIII about launching at "the end of summer." In fact, what comes up next is winter. So, to quote a line from Part XIX, "Will the story go that there I am during (at least some of) those long winter days, snug in my little camper, working on *Dancing Chicken* in view of hopefully launching the following spring?" We shall see.



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Oru Kayak, makers of the original origami inspired folding kayak, introduces the "Haven," an all new convertible tandem kayak. After years of customer requests, Oru designers took on the challenge to create the company's largest and most ambitious kayak design yet, a two person origami inspired kayak that can quickly and easily convert to single person occupancy. The Haven is Oru's largest kayak design to date, 20% larger by volume when fully assembled but only a few inches larger than standard Oru models when folded into a compact box.

Oru's new Haven kayak assembles in approximately ten minutes, which makes getting on the water more convenient than ever. Going from box to boat is simple with the help of intuitive folding patterns and color coded stitching to mark which straps correspond to which buckles. Converting the kayak from double to single person occupancy is easy, simply attach the rear footrest to the front of the kayak and reposition the seatback (visual cues printed on the boat help with assembly).

The Haven is equipped with a proprietary and patent pending universal rail system that runs along the top of the kayak sidewalls. The new rail system enables the Haven to be compatible with a wide variety of accessories, including an all new portage strap (to better carry the boat when fully assembled), fishing equipment, cup holders and camera

The Haven

Oru Kayak Convertible Two-Seated Origami Kayak



equipment. The Haven is also Oru's most stable boat with a beam measuring 31" which leaves plenty of room for extra gear, kids or a furry companion. When folded into a box, the Haven is the world's only tandem kayak designed to be carried by one person.

"Every feature of the Haven has dual purposes," says Oru Chief Designer and

company co founder, Anton Willis. When the kayak is fully folded up into its own shell, the two floorboards act as a protective case to hold the Haven together while transporting or storing as a compact box. Color coded stitched loops are used to attach seats and footrests when fully assembled and also as clips to fasten the kayak's box when folded. Thanks to origami, Oru kayaks can be stored and transported just about anywhere.

Haven Specs

31" x 16' 33" x 15" x 29" 10 min 40 lbs

Features

- Designed to seat two paddlers
- Convertible to a one seater
- Universal rail platform for accessories
- Adjustable footrests
- Adjustable backrests
- Bulkheads
- Carrying handles

About Oru Kayak

Founded in 2012, Oru Kayak is the first to bring a foldable kayak to market utilizing the principles of origami. The Oru Kayak offers superb on the water performance, durability, easy assembly and stylish design. Based in San Francisco, Oru Kayak is manufactured in the US. For more information visit orukayak.com.



Churchboat

Poseidon 14+1

Team Building at its Best
info@puuvenepiste.fi

Elsewhere also known as "Viking boats" with their traditional sleek wooden lines, Finnish churchboats could be over 20 meters long and were built almost exclusively of pine, clinker style usually with six strakes. Historically associated specifically with ferrying outlying congregations to church (and home again), they were constructed and rowed locally, involving both men and women at the oars, with the largest known to have had 60 rowers.

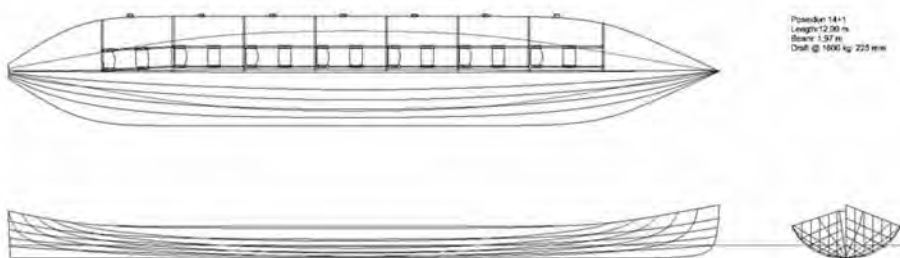
Nowadays the sport is recreational with boats owned mainly by rowing clubs which gather at regular events held around Finland every summer. Over the years many teams have been sponsored by firms eager to support an activity that itself improves the participants' physical well being as well as being a highly interactive social activity. No one sits in a relatively small wooden boat for a number of hours without developing some sense of community. And the slowest teams may take longer with all their unofficial breaks for refreshments, even cigarettes and



sightseeing, they really have fun together in these boats.

Designed to perform well in the Finnish churchboat races, the Poseidon 14+1 is a true 14hp (human power) rowing machine. The very stiff hull is equipped with the latest innovations such as the Poseidon sliding seat system and the Sarana oarlocks with Loiske

sweep oars. The boat is finished with two component paint and/or varnish for optimal glide through the water as well as longevity. Although primarily designed for racing, the boat is also very suitable for longer trips of days or even weeks. With a cruising speed of 11-12 km/hour trips of 60km a day can easily be achieved.



**From the Copp's Ferry Museum
Postcards printed from original glass
plate negatives**

Courtesy of Dr. Jacques Valliquette



Steamboat *Lady of the Lake*
Georgeville Wharf
Lake Memphremagog, QC



Steamboat *Anthemis* at the Georgeville Wharf
Lake Memphremagog, QC, October 1943



Steamboat *Orford*, owned by Sir Hugh Allan,
Bellmere, Lake Memphremagog, QC circa
1865



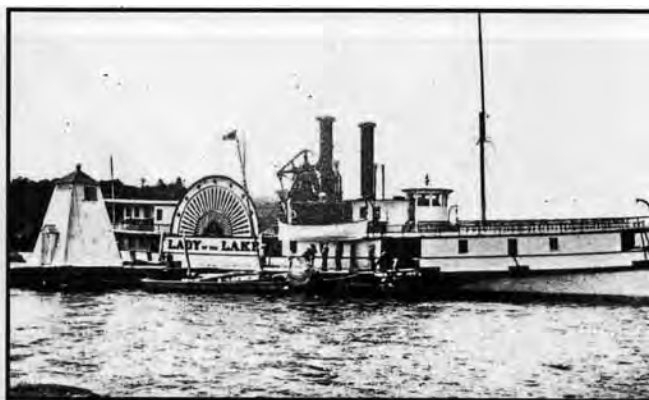
Steamboat *Pup*, Murray & Williams, engi-
neers, Lake Memphremagog, QC Sept. 9,
1902



The *Ho-Boy*, a paddle wheel boat powered by
three horses, Lake Memphremagog, QC circa
1877



Steam Canoe *Insect*, Bellmere, Lake Memphrema-
gog, QC circa 1891

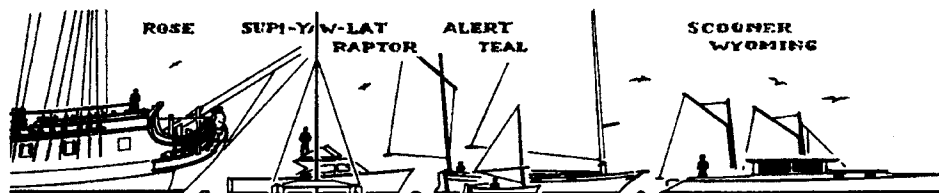


Steamboat *Lady of the Lake* built in 1867,
Goegeville Wharf, Lake Memphremagog, QC
Circa 1888

**Reprinted from the Smokestack
Journal of the North American Steam Boat Association**



Steamboat *Mountain Maid* built in Georgeville
in 1850, Georgeville Wharf, Lake Memphrema-
gog, QC circa 1888



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No doubt, some of you saw this one coming from a long way off. This study sure has been long overdue in the context of the extended discussion of the go fast 39'1x7'5"x225hp SACPAS-3 Landing Craft for the US Navy, documented from earliest construction stage to final testing and enjoyment.

Most coastlines tend to have islands, many even accessible via beaches, or marshy shoreline, or just manmade piers and floats to bridge rocks and ledge. And there are more islands in estuaries or just in rivers and lakes. To work these islands requires a sturdy hauler of people, tools, materials, supplies, probably fuel, big and awkwardly sized crates, special weldments, empty plastic barrels and even tanks for fresh water or live seafood, whatever might be needed.

Once the island base is reliably established, friends, scientists, tourists may come to be on the list of likely transport duty. And thus even more stuff on the list, including the odd batch of long things, heavy and light, like those power poles to keep juice above the high water mark, long runs of surface laid water pipes to gravity connect the water tank on the rise with house and sheds in the hollow. You may pile into her a long net and floats assembly to try out live storage of fish, a pile so carefully laid out on land before transferring it cautiously one boat deck length at a time into the boat, now ready to then deploy that near endless length investment either over her bow ramp or the stern gate/ramp.

And, of course, once you've got this hull geometry worked out to your needs, sturdy hinges, lanyards, chain falls even, more bits of small and larger hardware, a hand or electric winch or two, a come along for just in case, perhaps even A frames over both ends to lift stuff out of the deep or just ashore, on occasion that mobile ramp to the float or the beach, even between two boats, an option that may not always be carried along on these transport missions, all depending on the destination.

However, once she's this well equipped, taking pleasure and commercial divers out is an obvious option, along with attracting

Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Design Column #529 in *MAIB*
 Cargo and People Carrier
 Landing Craft

30'8"x7'8"x 24"x25hp

folks needing to deploy remote operated surface and underwater vehicles over either end. There would be room to take along a compressor and a generator as the clients require. Every day folks are treasure hunting the many wrecks well and productively used waterways tend to tragically see as well.

To make it a bit easier to haul the longer items, and to just have more of an open uninterrupted deck area, here the one man helm station is indeed off center to starboard, along with the fuel tank, requiring old fashioned ballast to port to at least balance the off center structural weight and that 75gals fuel.

Much of her life she'll be off to one side, depending upon your preference to have her perfectly balanced with you at the helm or level when you're not aboard. Your careful cargo placement will either produce routine perfection with a solid paying load being hurried to its destination, or passengers wandering around the boat won't faze you at all, until a bit too much "let's all look at this" heeling will make them balance her again really quickly.

With the commitment to the off center console geometry to produce a wide open deck, accessible with that 3' wide bow ramp forward, we'll go all out and also want at least a 30" wide transom gate for those jobs over both ends of her. So we put a bit more ballast to port to now install a lightweight off center drive train to starboard as well, in fact, right up against her transom.

In a perfectly self draining (out through the transom) location we'd mount in a higher location one of those industrial gasoline air-cooled V-2 engines way to starboard with its

output shaft facing aft. The keyway in that shaft will accept a, say, 1" wide toothed belt pulley. And we'll make it exactly that much smaller than its partner that will drive that sail drive to get way better than that drive's built in 2:1 reduction gear ratio since we propose to swing that 16" low pitch triple bladed prop likely with 3.5:1 to 4:1 overall reduction. Since clutches are better than out-board type crash boxes in the lower unit that strain gears, we'd mount an electromagnetic clutch with its built in cog pulley either on the engine's output shaft or just behind the sail drive's input shaft. Aligning the pulleys and measuring the exact toothed belt length should be a straightforward matter.

Not forgotten here is the fact that the rudder shaft is perfectly on the hull's centerline, and that means that for maximum stern-gate width just clear of that vertical shaft to port we'd need to take advantage of the sail drive's built in option to align the lower unit, and thus the propeller, perfectly on centerline just ahead of the rudder blade while we tilt the upper leg itself outwards to starboard for the input shaft and its pulley and clutch to clear the rudder shaft. Likely a conversation piece for some when she's out of the water for her annual underbody service, the internal shafting and gears will run happily in their sealed oil bath, whether dead vertical or tilted with its upper unit to starboard.

Whether we'd remember from cars decades ago the fore 'n aft mounted "Slant-Sixes" designed to run forever powering the rear axle leaning over like this, or we pop the hood of our front wheel drive car with its forward leaning transverse mounted engine, leaning engines seem much more of an emotionally challenging proposition to the uninitiated, than a no-no for engineers.

With all this properly thought through, and its weight then counterbalanced with ballast to port, we'd get good sized ramps and doors on either end of her for maximum utility of her hull's overall footprint. But it better be flat plate ballast, such as thick steel cutoffs or lead bricks, since shown here is just a thick hull bottom assembly without any floor-



boards. Instead, rugged cross planking to offer a superior wear surface over the bottom to absorb heavy loads, sharp edges, scrapes and the odd shock test drop of a heavy item not properly secured before lifting. How we'd arranged and interconnect those pressure treated planks will bear some thinking through as well, to both protect the soft plywood/epoxy/fiberglass hull underneath and still allow undramatic at will exchange of worn or busted cargo deck planking.

With that V-2 gasoline engine in its self draining but otherwise high sided box to let gasoline fumes go overboard harmlessly, we want to make sure that we keep that tran-

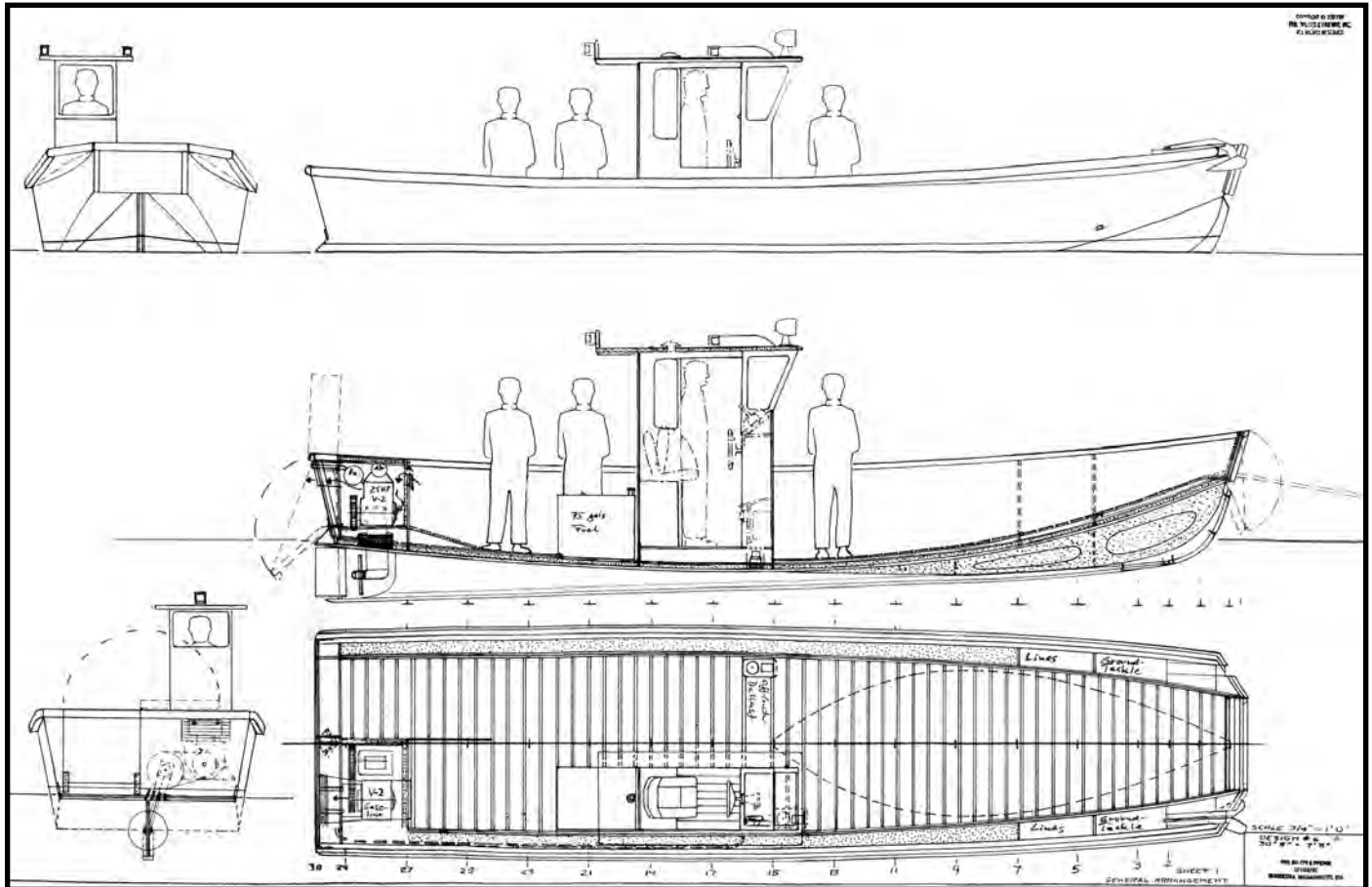
som gate compression gasket in good repair for the day we'd be so heavily laden with a lucrative job that we'd otherwise drain the sea into her cockpit, all obvious, except for a few navigators out there. While she's got a fair amount of positive buoyancy built into her to keep her afloat with people and none too heavy cargo loads, some heavyweight transport chores could still let her go down if you don't keep the water out over either end.

The wheelhouse sole is not set higher to let the pumps manage accumulating water, but to keep it above the occasional slurry of gurry, or accumulating mush of winter slush not so well managed by the pumps, but better

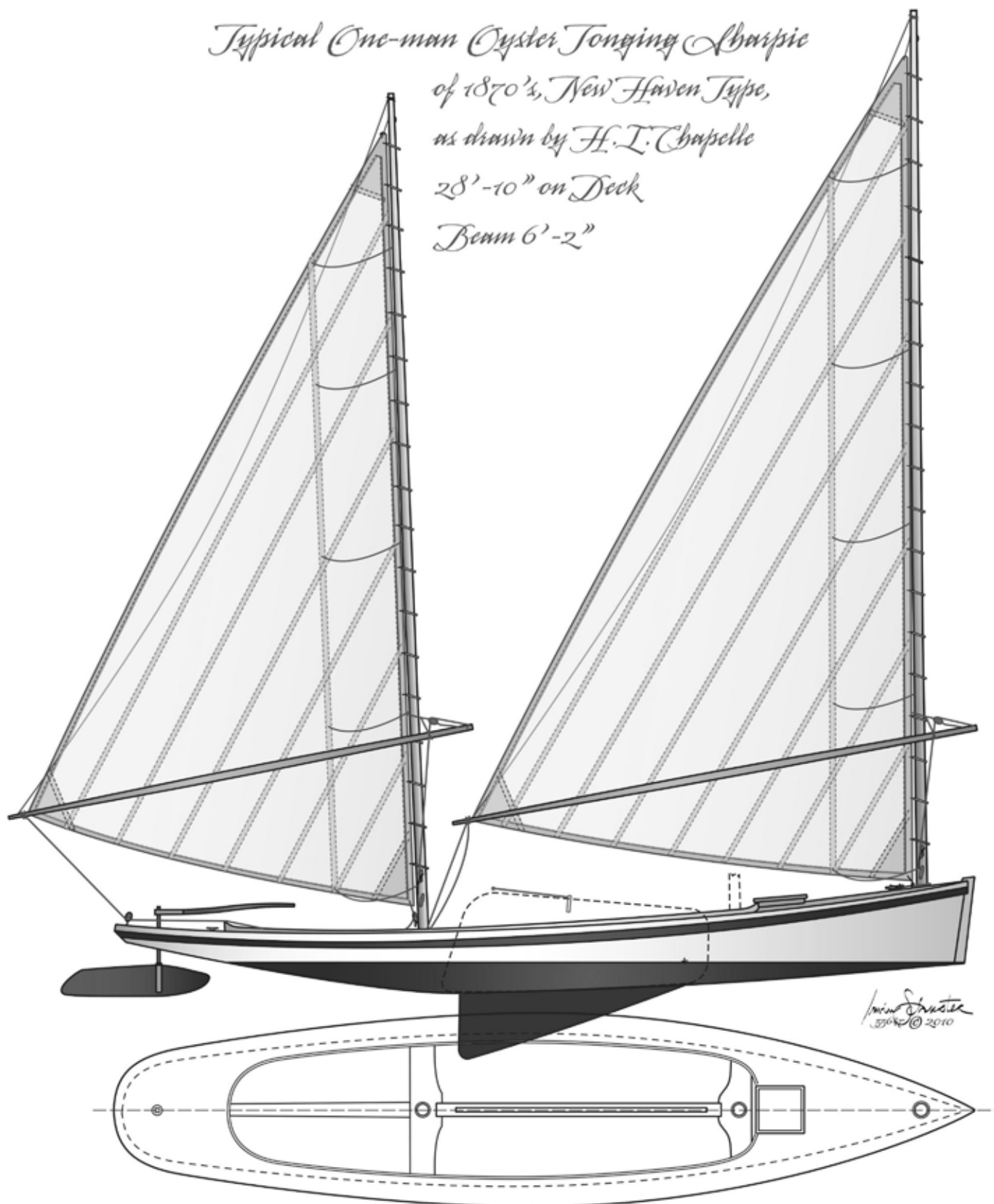
dealt with by a shovel. And standing ahead above your passengers is a good idea anyway for good situational awareness. For longer days with guests aboard you certainly could also think of putting a modest separate toilet stall right abaft the helm station for tight but plausible privacy.

Who knew, an island superstructure on this people and cargo carrier?! However, we'd at best only launch drones off her...

More concept work in the next issue, indeed one more "obvious" layout option on this 7kts hull.



*Typical One-man Oyster Topping Sharpie
of 1870's, New Haven Type,
as drawn by H. I. Chapelle
28'-10" on Deck
Beam 6'-2"*



Small Craft Illustration #12 by Irwin Schuster
irwinschuster@verizon.net

Maritime autonomous surface ships (MASS) are coming to your area one of these years and most of the current maritime rules and regulations assume there is a captain and crew on all vessels. Thus, a number of regulatory agencies are working on rules/regulations to reflect this change in how vessels are operated. That may be very interesting in terms of rules/regulations for each of the four types of automated vessels.

We will have ships with crews with some automated support (today's automatic pilot tied into a GPS, for instance). Then there will be ships remotely controlled with a few crew members on board "just in case." Next in the progression is a ship remotely controlled with no one on board. And the final progression is a ship operating on its own with a computer making the decisions based on information received from its internal programming. With radar, GPS and maybe an autopilot of some sort, some of us are already at stage one.

The September issue of *Soundings* had an article by Mario Vittone on the use of EPIRBs. The device, when activated, tells the searchers where it is located, which may not be where you are in the water. Of interest to those sailing is the need to mount a Category 1 EPIRB where it can float free if the boat capsizes (or turtles). Our Ranger 26 did not have a Category 1 EPIRB, but if it did we would probably have mounted the device in the wrong location for actual use. The author of the article recommends that a Category 1 EPIRB be mounted outside the cockpit area. After reading the article I would recommend that it also be mounted so someone could get to it even if the boat was turtled.

We stored our Sisu 22 in the side yard on its trailer when it was not being used until we invested in a hoist at our coast dock. With 25' of boat and trailer and 21' of tow vehicle, maneuvering to get the trailer where we wanted it could be interesting both at home and at the launch ramp. My father used his riding lawn mower with a chain attached to the trailer tongue and the dolly wheel to pull his boat trailer around (on a concrete surface) after coming home from a day on the bay to avoid the maneuvering problems at their home. I had more room to get the boat trailer off the road and into a space beside the house.

Some people do not have the room or a suitable riding lawn mower (or small tractor) and make use of a manual means of moving the trailer. There are also powered devices for this purpose. One recently advertised is a remote controlled device with caterpillar treads and a hitch for the trailer ball. It is battery powered and comes in three sizes. The device is used to put the trailer where it is intended to go with little effort. Then there are the electric or gasoline powered devices with wheels that are steered using the handles attached. Of course, effortless moving of the boat trailer does not come cheap. The powered ones run from \$600 to \$4,000 depending on type and load capacity.

As cooler weather comes, some boating activity is restricted by the drop in temperature. When winter comes, some areas close up entirely until spring. Our area (north Florida) has year round boating available but, with the drop in temperature, the need for warm clothing is more apparent as well as suitable foul weather gear to keep dry. One item I carried on our boats was a large lawn debris plastic bag for each of us. If we got thoroughly soaked (think fall overboard), the



From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

bag was used to help keep off hypothermia.

After removing as much wet clothing as possible and drying off as best we could, we cut a hole in the bottom of the bag and climbed in to conserve the body warmth. Our head stuck out and the plastic retained our body heat. Not a perfect solution but it works and will offer protection while other arrangements are made (a run for shore?).

I received a request from a person looking for a diver to pull a propeller on his boat. I suggested a couple of people. Since he has the SCUBA gear, I wondered why he did not pull the propeller himself. For an inboard engine propeller, a propeller puller is simple to make if the threaded part of the shaft is beyond the propeller hub. I made one for use with our two Sisu boats as both had inboard engines and room at the propeller to use the device.

I got two pieces of steel plate (1/4" thick should do), drilled a hole in one piece a bit larger than the diameter of the propeller shaft and then cut into the hole a slot that can slide the steel around the shaft behind the propeller. I then drilled three (or four) holes through each plate (depending on the number of propeller blades). Long threaded bolts are then inserted and the nuts attached.

After lining everything up (slotted plate behind the propeller, solid plate against the shaft sticking out from the propeller), I started tightening the bolts sequentially and very carefully, not wanting to damage the shaft or the threads thereon. The job is much easier on land but can be done in the water. Of course, all the above depends on the boat's propeller shaft and propeller configuration and it might be better to have a professional do the job.

Phillips head screws are very neat for some uses. They are also a major pain to remove if the slots in the head get mangled when the screw was put in. I have a very old Stanley brace (it was my father's) and a set of screw driver bits for the brace. Usually I can use the proper Phillips bit and gently remove the screw since the brace will ratchet back so I can turn a bit, back off and then re set and turn again. The brace allows for a good deal of pressure on the screw head and the turning torque is centered.

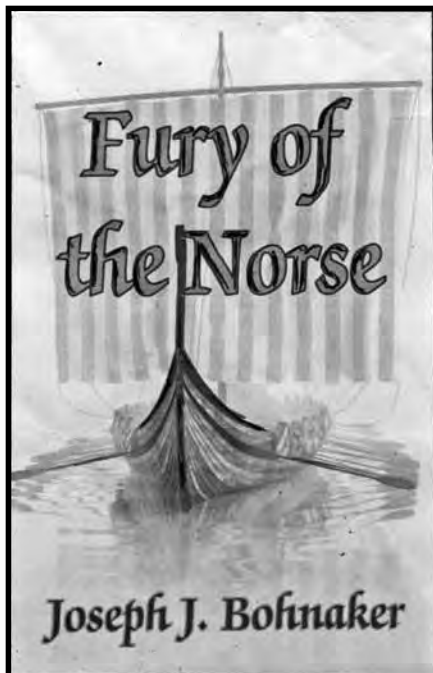
When the use of the Phillips screw bit fails, I go to the smallest straight bit I have that will slide into the slots in the Phillips screw head. Again, slow turning with a lot of torque will usually do the trick. One just has to be very patient and not rush the process. If the screw head has been backed off slightly, one can use a pair of vise grip pliers and slowly remove the screw, being careful to not twist the head off the body of the screw.

Once the screw is a good way out, a vise grip can be attached "end on" and a manual screw driver (or piece of steel rod) inserted between the handles of the pliers for leverage to finish removing the screw. Of course, if all else fails, the Phillips head arrangement makes it easy to center the drill bit and drill out enough to insert a screw extractor.

All of the above sounds time consuming and a lot of manual work. I do have two battery drills (12volt and 18volt) and a couple of corded drills. My masonry drill (1/2hp I think) has a lot of power and great torque. The battery powered drills do not have that much torque and can mess up the Phillips head very easily with either one. The masonry drill will either back out the screw or twist the head off in nothing flat. Sometimes the slow manual method gives the best results.



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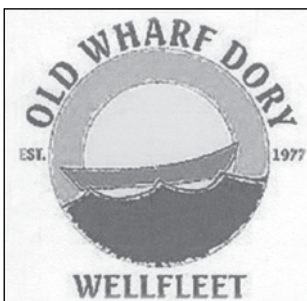
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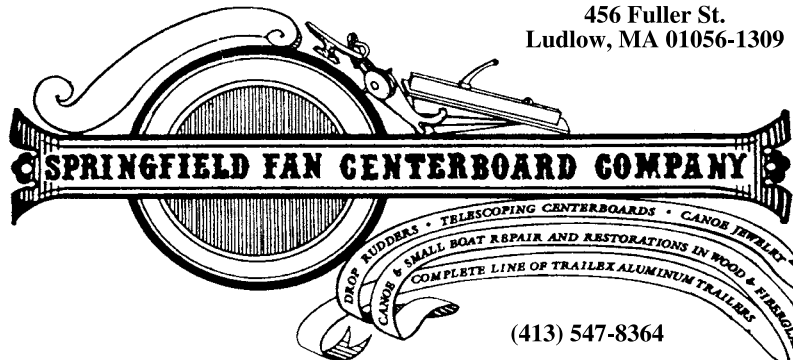
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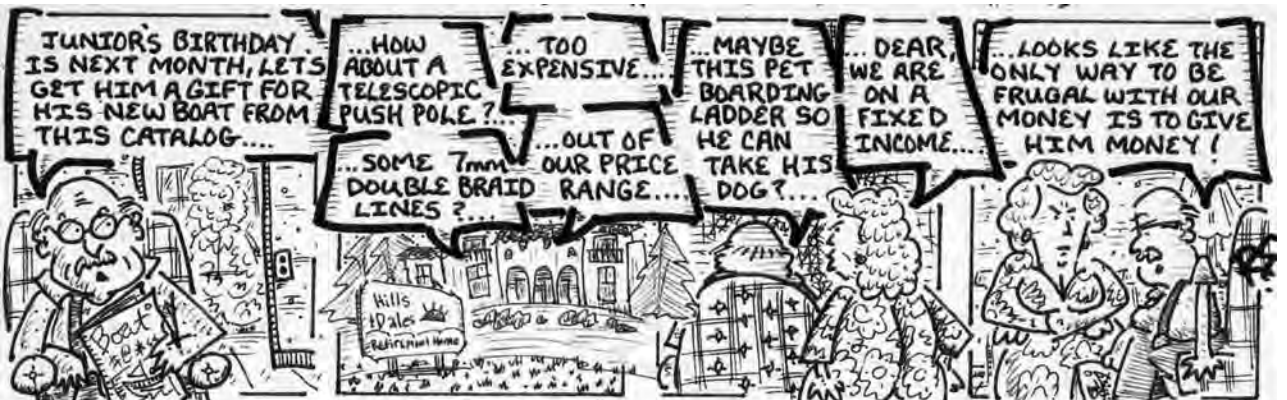
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